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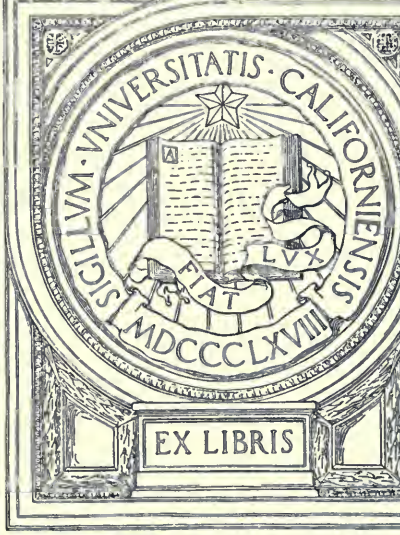

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MUSICAL TRAVELS

THROUGH

ENGLAND.

By the late JOEL COLLIER,

LICENTIATE IN MUSIC.

WITH AN

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

BY

NAT. COLLIER, School-Master.

Τὸν πέρι Μῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδε δ' ἀγαθόν τε, κακόν τε,
Ὀφθαλμῶν μεν ἀμερσε, δίδε δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδὴν.

HOM.

Dear to the Muſe, ſhe gave his days to paſs,
With little Silver, but with ſtore of Braſs;
Bœotian clouds did o'er his Genius fling,
But gave him ſkill to Fiddle, and to Sing.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, in Fleet-ſtreet.

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TO THE

GOVERNORS and GUARDIANS of the HOSPITAL for the Maintenance and Education of expoſed and deſerted young Children.

GENTLEMEN,

WHILE I was extracting the following ſheets from my Journal, as a Specimen of my laborious inveſtigation of the preſent ſtate of MUSIC *in this country, I was ſomewhat at a loſs to whom I could with moſt propriety inſcribe my work. Whether to* DOCTOR BURNEY, *as the original inventor of this ſpecies of compoſition, and the firſt muſical traveller of our nation, of whom I might ſo truly ſay in his own words, "that he has long been my* magnus Apollo:" *—or to the King of* Pruſſia, *as the greateſt* Dilettante *performer of the age; who, like another* Nero, *is playing his new* Solfeggi *to the groans of the miſerable* Poles, *and ruined* Dantzickers. *This dilemma, how-*

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ever, was at an end, as ſoon as I learnt that Dr. Burney, *and Signor* Giardini, *had, under your authority, and in imitation of the* Italian conſevatorrios, *juſt founded a ſchool for muſic in the* FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, *where deſerted orphans, inſtead of being placed out to trades and ſervices, in which they can have no opportunity of making any* noiſe *in the world, are, in future, to be trained to harmony from their infancy, and conſtantly employed in the ſtudy of the ſcience of ſound, till in proceſs of time they take their regular degrees in muſic, and fill all our public orcheſtras with Engliſh* Giardinis *and* Baſtardinis dette Ingliſene. *When I was informed of this important event, I hailed the happy omen, the dawn of an* Auguſtan æra; *and reſolved to dedicate my work to a ſet of gentlemen, who have ſhewn ſo diſtinguiſhed a zeal for the intereſt and advancement of muſic.*

Perhaps it may at firſt appear a bold undertaking in the guardians of expoſed and deſerted children, who are chiefly ſupported by parliamentary grants of public money, to declare, that they cannot be maintained

tained by the public for a more uſeful purpoſe, than to be taught to ſing and play. For men of narrow and contracted minds, who have neither ear, *nor* voice, *nor* hand, *will ſtill imagine, that it might prove of more national utility, to breed theſe adopted children of the public, to Huſbandry, Navigation, &c. the objects of their original deſtination; than to convert one of the nobleſt of our public charities into a nurſery for the ſupply of muſical performers at our Theatres, gardens, and hops.---But this is a vulgar prejudice. The improvement of the fine arts ought to be the firſt object of public attention in an age of luxury,* peace, *and plenty, like the preſent. When we have rivalled the* Italians *in muſic, it will be time enough to think of our Navy, and our Agriculture. We have already (to our ſhame be it ſpoken) more ſailors than ſingers, and better farmers than fiddlers. But as I take this circumſtance to ariſe entirely from the different degree of encouragement theſe occupations have hitherto received; I do not deſpair of ſeeing the reverſe take place, when gentlemen of your rank deign to ſtand forward, and by the influence and*

ſanction

ſanction of their example, correct the errors of the vulgar. Should any obſtacle ariſe to impede the immediate execution of your plan, from ſome obſolete but unrepealed parliamentary reſtrictions, doubtleſs the ſame legiſlators who ſo readily expended the public money in the purchaſe of Sir William Hamilton's collection *of antique vaſes, and* Etruſcan *rarities, and enacted a lottery for toys, will repeal any former act which may ſtand in your way; and as they muſt rejoice in a freſh opportunity of diſplaying their fine taſte and love of the arts, I am not without hope that the firſt act of this preſent ſeſſion will be intitled* An Act for inſtituting a muſical academy in the *Foundling-Hoſpital*, and for raiſing a competent ſum for the purchaſe of the beſt *Cremonas*, and other inſtruments which can be procured on the continent, for the ſervice thereof. *This would be opening the new parliament with an* eclat *that would aſtoniſh all Europe, and make the King of* Pruſſia, *and all the fiddling Electors of Germany die with envy. I have only to add, gentlemen, that if upon a peruſal of the following ſheets, you ſhould find, as I*

am

*am perſuaded you will, that my travels are alſo * in ſome meaſure, a matter of national concern; I hope you will be kind enough to ſecond my intended application to the Houſe of Commons, that the charges of my future expeditions may be defrayed at the public expence. This may be done by a very ſhort clauſe in the ſame act; and as it will enable me to purſue my enquiries with greater ſpirit and credit, will lay a laſting obligation upon,*

Gentlemen,

Your very obedient,

and devoted humble Servant,

JOEL COLLIER.

---

* —"He was the firſt who ſeemed to think my journey "was, in ſome meaſure, a matter of national concern."
TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

Speedily will be publiſhed,

An Enquiry into the Present State of the MUSIC of the SPHERES.

By JOEL COLLIER, Licentiate in Muſic.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius antè
Trita ſolo. Lucr.

Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have preſum'd,
An earthly gueſt, and ſtol'n *empyrean* tunes. Milt.

☞ Many ſuperficial critics having been pleaſed to treat the notion of a celeſtial orcheſtra with the contempt due to the projectors of a philoſopher's ſtone, a perpetual motion, or a lottery calculation, the author begs leave to aſſure the *connocenti* that he has not proceeded in his enquiries without ſufficient *data*. He has made very accurate obſervations upon the ſound of thunder, conſidered as the *thorough-baſs* of "all "heaven's harmonies." He has likewiſe ſtudied and compared the different motions of the planets in their periodical country-dances and cotillons; as deſcribed by the orrery. He appeals therefore as well to Doctors as Under-graduates in the profeſſion, whether it is not poſſible even for "*muſicians of this nether world*," to aſcertain the meaſure of a dance by the motions of the performers?—And when once the thorough-baſs of a concert is known, to find out the other parts of it by analogy?

MUSICAL TRAVELS, &c.

I WAS born in the Pariſh of *Gotham*, in the county of *Nottingham:* my father was a ſawyer, and my mother had, for many years before her marriage, cried oyſters and Newcaſtle-ſalmon about the ſtreets of London. Neither of them are ſaid to have been remarkable for their vocal or inſtrumental talents. My mother's voice was, indeed, exceedingly ſhrill and diſſonant, as I have been credibly informed by the neighbours; however, I was no ſooner born than I gave proofs of

uncommon muſical propenſities. I entered the world, ſinging, inſtead of crying; at leaſt, my ſquall was truly melodious, and raviſhed the ears of the midwife; tho', I muſt confeſs, the envious old hag of a nurſe did pretend that my mother and Mrs. *Midnight* miſtook the origin of the wild notes I uttered as ſoon as I ſaw the light; and, inſiſting that they only denoted the wind-cholic, immediately drenched me with a large doſe of rhubarb: however, ſhe has ſince candidly owned, that ſhe eaſily ſang me to ſleep whenever I was peeviſh, and that even by means of ſuch ſimple melody as *Jack Sprat*, or *hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle*. A harſh and menacing recitative would as effectually deter me from a naughty trick, as a good whipping. The ſound of a drum, or any other martial muſic, had ſuch an immediate effect upon my nerves, that I was always obliged to be turned dry before the piece was half over. The famous MARCH *in Saul* is too powerful for

me

me even at this day, tho' I can ſtand any other, without being offenſive. Indeed, I am ſo well convinced of the connection between the ſound and the ſenſe in all good muſic, that I will venture to preſcribe *Handel's water-piece*, and *Water parted from the ſea*, as ſpecifics for a ſtrangury. There is great truth in what *Shakeſpeare* ſays of the bagpipe; and I have obſerved that a jockey always whiſtles to his horſe upon theſe occaſions, which never fails to produce great effects, tho' the performer want mouth ever ſo much.

One of the firſt circumſtances I myſelf can recollect in my early years, was the great pleaſure I took in hearing a blind boy play tunes on a bladder of air preſs'd between a bow-ſtick and its ſtring. The Jew's-harp next engaged my attention; and afterwards the bag-pipe, barrel-organ and baſſoon. Indeed I do remember having been told by my Grandmother, that whilſt I was yet in coats, I took vaſt

delight in pinching the tails of the Parſon's litter of pigs, and would liſten to their various notes and tones from the *f* ſharp of the whine of the leaſt of the family, quite down to the *b* flat grunt of the old boar himſelf. This, with my attention to my coral and bells, and rattle, ſinging thro' a comb and brown paper, together with the great expertneſs I afterwards ſhew'd in making whiſtles of reeds, and the recent bark of ſycamore twigs, made the oldeſt people of the pariſh foretel, that I ſhould one day or other become a great and celebrated Muſician.

My taſte for the ſiſter art of muſic, Poetry, was likewiſe, as I am inform'd, obſerved very early in my childhood; as I always held my mouth wide open, when the Pſalm was ſung at our Pariſh-Church; and ſoon was able to repeat without book a great part of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*'s excellent verſion of that great *Dilettante* performer on the harp,—King *Davia*'s pieces.

Having

Having been well inform'd that the infancy, and indeed the riper years of the great Doctor BURNEY paſſed in much the ſame manner, and with ſimilar expectations from all the old ladies of his acquaintance; and having obſerved with what *eclat*, and indeed univerſal approbation of all people of taſte, his ingenious account of his travels has been received, I conceived a deſign of following ſo illuſtrious an example, and travelling through the dominions of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, with the town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, to give the world a true ſtate of the muſical improvement and progreſſion in theſe kingdoms; and hope I may flatter myſelf, that the Dr. himſelf will applaud my undertaking, and conſider it as a proper ſupplement to his elaborate work.

Before I ſet forward on my travels, I choſe to change my name from *Collier* to *Coglioni* or *Collioni*, as more euphonious; and on the firſt of April, having torn myſelf from the arms of my weeping wife,

wife, and four ſmall children, I put my baſſoon into a green-bag, and ſlung it acroſs my ſhoulders; my large violoncello was laid on my knee as I ſat in the waggon, and my clothes, with a bottle of brandy and ſome biſcuits, were pack'd up in the viol-caſe. As I was neither patronized, nor franked on my tour by any Dilettante Lord *, I muſt confeſs the low ſtate of my circumſtances, and the poverty in which I had left my family, caſt a damp on my ſpirits; but this was always ſoon diſſipated by an air on the violoncello, and by recollecting the great advantage my travels, to enquire into the ſtate of muſic in this iſland, would be of to my dear native country, and the fame and glory I ſhould acquire by the publication

* Since my firſt edition a noble Lord in adminiſtration, and the beſt kettle-drummer in Europe, has furniſhed me with recommendatory letters to moſt of the cuſtom-houſe officers and exciſemen in the kingdom; ſo that I cannot fail hereafter of being introduced into the beſt company wherever I go.

of

of my work, perhaps only inferior to that of the great Dr. B. himſelf.

Inſpir'd by taſte, o'er lands and ſeas HE flew,
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
Thro' lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-echoing woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
O while along the ſtream of time, that name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph and partake the gale?—

POPE.

Thus occaſionally conſoling myſelf, the waggon arrived at the famous and ancient city of

LINCOLN.

My firſt viſit was to a young lady of high muſical acquirements. She received me with a moſt bewitching air, which ſhe ſang to her guittar, for ſhe had heard of my fame at *Gotham*, and was not unapprized of my ambulatory deſign: her name was originally *Fernihough*, but ſhe had long dropped the *hough* at the end of it, as gothic and inharmonious. Thus ſhe ſaluted me:

" Dear

" Dear Collioni, Collioni,

" Dear, dear, dear, Collioni;

" Happy, happy, happy Gotham;

" Gotham, Gotham, happy Gotham."

I could only bow and ſmile in anſwer to this compliment, (which, indeed, tho' very elegant, I did not conceive was above my merits,) as I had not an extempore ſonnet ready made to anſwer it.

Then taking my hand with a delightful air, ſhe introduced me to Dr. *Dilettanti*, a moſt illuſtrious timeiſt; he ſat muſing and beating the floor with his foot, and took hold of, and quitted my hand in the ſame portion of time, which he marked by the pulſations of his foot.

" Excuſe, ſaid he, illuſtrious *Collioni*, " the meaſured mode of my geſtures in " ſaluting you; but I have long ac- " cuſtomed myſelf to meaſure out the parts " of time on a variety of ſounding inſtru- " ments, and have at length introduced it " into all the motions of my body. At " my houſe, ſir, you will learn to cut your

" meat,

" meat, and move your jaws at dinner in
" common or triple time, according to
" the inſtruments that accompany our
" meals.——By dealing the cards at qua-
" drille, how eaſy it is to judge if the
" party has an ear!——yonder gentleman
" who comes towards our window, ſee how
" he ſwings his arms in exact time, true as
" the pendulum of a clock. I can aſſure
" you, ſir, he is great on the violoncello.
" My dear wife ſays, the conjugal endear-
" ments are doubly improved, if a huſband
" is a good timeiſt. She approves of
" triple time; and on this account I for-
" merly had a ſervant who play'd in our
" bed-room every Sunday night, 'till we
" ſlept. And ſince I became one of the
" *caſtrati*, I have acquired the habit of
" making water at intervals in the trueſt
" time like a pig; and may ſay, I be-
" lieve, that for exactneſs of ear, I am not
" exceeded by any modern muſician."

This great man then took up a Jew's harp that lay by him, and with a *twing*,

twang, twong, moving his finger acroſs his lips, and making faces in the moſt exact time, he fetched out ſuch prurient harmony, as raviſhed my very ſoul, and threw ſweet Miſs *Ferni* into the moſt agreeable convulſions.

During our dinner, two of the Doctor's ſervants entertained us with many excellent and ſolemn pieces of muſic. Indeed, I was ſo ſolicitous to cut and eat my meat in true time, as I thought my character depended on this circumſtance, that I unfortunately cut my lips, and ſhould certainly have fainted at the ſight of my own blood, had I not been rouſed by a warlike ſymphony on the bag-pipe. Sweet Miſs *Ferni* too gave ſo earneſt an attention to the fiddlers, that on their ſuddenly changing the tune from *Lumps of Pudding*, to *O the Roaſt Beef of old England*, ſhe ſwallowed the ivory ſpoon out of a muſtard pot; which, as it ſtuck acroſs her throat, I am ſure muſt have given that excellent young lady exquiſite

pain.

pain. Yet did ſhe cough, and even vomit repeatedly in moſt accurate time, and ſcreamed from fear moſt harmoniouſly through the whole gamut, from *a* to *g* incluſively, long after the ſpoon was reſtored to its place.

SHEFFIELD.

Dr. *Dilettanti* was ſo kind as to make me a preſent of a place in the ſtage coach to *Sheffield* in my intended journey to *York*, that I might inquire into the preſent ſtate of the muſic of that city and cathedral. Amongſt the other paſſengers, was a gentleman of a grave aſpect; who, from his not attending to me at the inn, when I play'd a moſt inchanting ſolo on my hautboy, appear'd at firſt to have no ears, but on further converſation I found him a moſt agreeable companion. He cry'd up the ingenuity of the *Sheffield* manufacturers, and told me of a new muſical inſtrument, more compli-

cate, he thought, and louder than an organ. The next day he was ſo good as to accompany me to hear this new organic inſtrument. The firſt thing I could obſerve was a number of iron pipes, and a water wheel to work the large bellows, like that organ of which there is a print in *Kempler's Muſurgia*. When the wheel was in motion, I obſerved many of the notes higher than in any organ I had ever heard; and was told, that theſe ingenious people had found the only way to produce theſe was, by boring gun-barrels: to theſe a ſymphony was added by files which cut the teeth of large ſaws, and the mellow tones of two great hammers, which at intervals ſtruck on large pieces of red-hot iron, made a more tremendous and affecting concert, than all the mingled whiſtles of *Cecilia*'s organ.

I paid a ſhilling to the performers of this ſtupendous piece of harmony, at which my grave companion ſeem'd much delighted, and liſten'd to my remarks upon

upon it with the greateſt avidity and approbation; " Signor *Collioni*," ſays he, " your obſervations inchant me; the moſt " antient muſic, as you well explain, was " made by hammers beating upon anvils, " as invented by *Tubal Cain*, and prac- " tiſed in the ſhop of his ſucceſſor, *Vul-* " *can*, tho' *Saturn* is thought to have " been the firſt of the *caſtrati*.—But this " invention was not compleat, Signor " *Collioni*, it was not compleat, till this " excellent treble made by boring guns, " and cutting ſaws was added.—It is now " become the true celebrated, long-loſt, " and long-deplored chromatic of the " antients."

" Doubtleſs you are right in your con- " jectures, reply'd I, Mr. *Hummings*, " (for that was my kind companion's " name) it was muſic like this, which " could diſenchant the moon, and make " trees and ſtones dance *allemands*. " Would you believe it, Mr. *Hummings*, " I myſelf once cured a girl bit with a

" tarantula

" tarantula with this ſimple baſſoon ?--*Trut*,
" *turrut*, *phub*, *phub*, *buſh !*—This was
" the air, Mr. *Hummings*, you ſhall hear
" it—*trut*, *turrut*, *phub*, *phub*, *buſh* :—
" the girl riſing from her melancholy at-
" titude, danced till the ſweat ran down
" to the hem of her ſcarlet petticoat ;
" and after I had preſented her with a
" bit of money, became ſo lively as to
" ſtrip herſelf like King *David*, and dance
" like a *Heinel*. I can aſſure you, Mr.
" *Hummings*, I drove away the evil ſpirit,
" and cured her of her tarantuliſm that
" night.

" Not unlike this, is a fact recorded
" by the divine *Homer*. *Ulyſſes* had a
" large rent made in his thigh by a wild
" boar,—a terrible animal, Mr. *Hum-*
" *mings* :—well, and what happen'd ?—
" why, he only ſent for the town-waits,
" and after the firſt bar or two had been
" play'd, the blood ſtopp'd ; and as the
" fiddles proceeded, the wound con-
" tracted, and by the time they had

" finiſhed

" finiſhed *Alley Croaker*, *Moggy Lauder* " and *A lovely Laſs to a Fryar came*, (which " are all antient *Greek* tunes, ſir,) the " wound was quite healed, and the " cicatrix as ſmooth as the back of my " hand."

During this converſation, an unfortunate accident had happened near us. One of the performers on the hammer and iron had broken his leg by a fall. A ſurgeon was ſent for with all diſpatch, but Mr. *Hummings* adviſed me to try the effect of the baſſoon upon him; and pointing to me, told the people that they need ſeek no farther, for I was ſuperior to any ſurgeon. Upon this, untying my green bag, the man cry'd out, he begg'd no inſtruments might be uſed. " No, (ſays " I,) none but a muſical inſtrument." So I began with a gentle blaſt, and played and ſung alternately,—" *You'll ne'er go* " *the ſooner to the Stygian Ferry. Let not* " *your noble ſpirits be caſt down, but drink,* " *drink, drink, and be merry.*"—" Give

" me

" me ſome ale, (cries the wounded man) " I like this Doctor." Afterward I blew till I nearly had burſt my cheeks, and then ſung, *If 'tis joy to wound a lover*; but the bone would not knit:—indeed I could not make it knit at all—and I don't believe, as Mr. *Hummings* ſaid, that if Dr. *Burney* himſelf, and all the muſicians of Britain, fiddlers, violoncellos, double violoncellos, trumpets, and trumpet-marinos, together with every *Maeſtro di Capella* in *Italy* had been preſent, they could have made this bone knit—which, I ſuppoſe, was owing to the ſcorbutic habit of body of the patient; indeed, Mr. *Hummings* attributed it entirely to this cauſe; for the blood ſtopped before I had finiſhed the firſt ſong.

Nothing worthy remark occur'd in my journey from hence to

YORK,

But at my approach to this celebrated city, my heart leapt for joy as ſoon as I beheld

beheld the towers of the cathedral; here, ſays I, I ſhall be much careſſed and followed, I dare believe, as there are ſo many of the *Dilettanti* who reſide within the precincts of this antient ſeat of muſic and ſuperſtition. This letter, ſays I, is of ineſtimable value, taking it from my pocket, and reading the direction, "For "that incomparable Muſician and Anti-"quarian, Dr. *Hiccup*;" doubtleſs he will pay great attention to his friends at *Lincoln*, who have honoured me with it. The footman ſhewed me into an elegant parlour, where there was a clock with chimes, ſo contrived that St. *Peter*, St. *Paul*, and the *Virgin Mary* were ſeen ſtriking alternately on the bells, and by a ſweet trio announced every hour of the day. Dr. *Hiccup* was, it ſeems, at his devotions, which he always performed in imitation of that great and devout muſician, King *David*. He was a tall, bony figure, with a ſwarthy complexion, and blear eyes. As I ſat down he took no

notice of me, but continued dancing with a harp in his hand, without his breeches, and with his night-gown and ſhirt tucked up above his waiſt; and as he turned himſelf this way and that, in the gyrations of the dance, all the women and children that were looking in through the window of his parlour, giggled, and made faces, and ſhewed variety of indecent geſticulations and noiſes. None of theſe circumſtances, however, interrupted the devotions of this great man.

Never were ſuch charming tunes elicited from mortal harp, *Cambrian* or *Eolic!* the dance was devotion itſelf in human form! After a little refreſhment, this illuſtrious Muſician condeſcended to entertain me with ſeveral intereſting particulars of the manner of his life, which I begg'd leave to copy in my pocket book in his preſence.

He roſe every morning, when his chime-clock ſtruck eleven, (for, like the famous *Chevalier Gluck*, he is too great a genius

genius to riſe early) and generally gaped all the time his lady was putting on his breeches. For breakfaſt he always eat rolls and butter, whether in ſummer or winter; and after his breakfaſt paid a ſhort viſit to *Cloacina*, but aſſured me he never uſed old muſic books on this occaſion, even in the moſt urgent neceſſity. He retired to reſt about ten, and ſeldom fail'd once in a month to compliment his lady for undreſſing him.

He communicated many other particulars to me of leſs moment, and was ſo obliging at length to beg I would treat him with an air or two on the baſſoon.

I thought this a good opportunity to give him a ſpecimen of my poetic talents, as well as of my muſical ones, and performed the following ſong, which I compoſed at *Gotham* ſeveral years ago.

"Some came in a waggon, and ſome in a cart;
And many there were that did nothing but ——:
Sing O rare *Nottingham*, *Nottingham* town!
Nottingham town; O rare *Nottingham* town!"

The ſweetneſs of the notes on my baſſoon, an inſtrument whoſe tone is ſo like the ſound it was to repreſent, raviſhed his ears, which he hung quite down on each ſhoulder, during the whole time of my performance.

I ſlept this night at Dr. *Hiccup*'s houſe, and borrowed a ſhirt and pair of ſtockings of him. At breakfaſt I took an opportunity to tell him of the narrowneſs of my circumſtances; but he was ſuddenly ſeized by a rapturous fit of devotion, and pulling up his night-gown to his waiſt, began to ſing, and dance, and caper, and kick, to ſuch a degree, that no one in the room was ſafe: I ran towards the door to ſave my ſhins, and the Doctor riſing with both feet in the air like a Harlequin, gave me ſuch a horſe-kick on my rump, ſinging at the ſame time the *March in Saul*, that I deſcended into the ſtreet down five ſteps, head foremoſt, and cracked my baſſoon in twenty places.

Six

Six hours I attended at the door, but was told by a ſervant out of a window, that the Doctor was ſtill performing his dance of devotion; and for aught I know, that great man may dance till doom's-day, as I never after could get any other anſwer at his door.

On more mature reflexion, I thought this behaviour very extraordinary in a brother muſician, and one to whom I was ſo well recommended; but I conſoled myſelf with conſidering, that though my baſſoon was broken in ſundry places, yet I had retained the Doctor's ſhirt and ſtockings; and that it was very likely my great prototype, Doctor *Burney* himſelf, had frequently met with the ſame treatment, tho' his modeſty had inclined him to conceal it.

I was now neceſſitated to travel on foot, and got that evening as far as

BEVERLEY.

Hearing the ſound of muſical inſtruments as I paſſed under a window upon my

my entrance into this town, I enquired at the door if there was a concert performing there, and being anſwered in the affirmative, I immediately produced my baſs viol, and deſired to be admitted into the orcheſtra as a Dilettante performer. My requeſt was readily granted, and I was ſeated with great reſpect next to a gentleman of the profeſſion in laced clothes and ruffles. Being indifferently dreſſed myſelf, I was reſolved to make amends for the inelegance of my figure, by the brilliancy of my performance; but no ſooner had I begun to move my bow, than I found the notes of my inſtrument perfectly overpowered by the ſonorous ſnoring of three gentlemen behind me, whom I therefore took the liberty to jog, intreating them for the ſake of the whole company, either to keep awake, or ſnore in tune. They took this hint in good part. "Thank you kindly, Maſter Fid-" dler," ſaid one of them, yawning and ſtretching, "I loves muſic mightily, but

" it

" it always puts me to sleep, like a ser-
" mon —Egod I sleep while the organ's
" playing at *Paul*'s." His next neigh-
bour said, he hated profane organs, but
had no objection to fiddles, nor any other
music, except drums, and Scotch tunes.
I wondered much at this latter exception,
as I knew that most people of taste ad-
mired Scotch music; but I afterwards
found this antipathy was founded on po-
litical sentiments. The other gentleman
added, that for his part, he liked any
music, so as he did not pay the piper:
at which they all laughed. I asked them
if they were *Dilettanti*, to which one of
them answered, " No, nor macaronies;
" nor soup-meagres neither; we are al-
" dermen of London, Sir; Supporters of
" the Bill of Rights, and parliament-
" men, (two of us however, brother
" *Brazen* and I,")—" Ay, ay, cried Mr.
" *Brazen*, and more than that, we are
" all colonels of the Artillery Company,
" governors of *Bartholomew* and *Blue-*

" *coat*

" *coat* hoſpitals, *Antigallicans*, *Wilko-*
" *nians*, *Albions*, *Old Souls*, *Lumber-*
" *troopers*, and *Knights of the Bruſh*."—
Though I had never heard of any of theſe dignities before, yet as I have an innate veneration for titles of all ſorts, I made as profound and reſpectful a bow to theſe noble ſtrangers, (grounding my baſs viol at the ſame time,) as Dr. *Burney* could have done to any of the Electors of Germany. Indeed I was much prepoſſeſſed in favour of their rank and quality, by the broad lace they wore on their ſcarlet waiſtcoats, and the gold chain which encircled the neck of one of them. I made no doubt therefore of their veracity, when they aſſured me that the titles they had enumerated were more honourable than any his majeſty could beſtow. They ſeemed much pleaſed with the reſpect I ſhewed them, and having their pockets ſtuffed with melons and pine-apples, deſired me to eat ſome, which at firſt I declined, fearing to rob them of

ſuch

ſuch excellent fruit; but Mr. *Brazen* preſſing me to accept it, and aſſuring me, I could not rob *them*, for it coſt *them* nothing; I could not withſtand ſo much politeneſs, and put a melon and a pine-apple into my pocket for my ſupper. The aldermen ſoon devoured the reſt, and then proteſting they could not keep awake any longer than they were eating, politely retired to the further corner of the room to refreſh themſelves with another nap, while I returned to my baſs viol, and being that evening in fine ſpirits, and very enthuſiaſtic, acquired great applauſe and received many thanks for my performance.

Early the next morning I ſet forward in my way to *Durham*, whither I was neceſſitated to travel on foot; and by playing the *Black Joke*, *Murdoch O'Blaney*, and other ſentimental tunes to the girls of the villages I paſs'd through, procured food and lodging, which my brother of the String had refuſed me.

DARLINGTON.

Here I waited on the *Maèſtro di Capella*, or clerk of the pariſh, who I may aſſert has the fineſt naſality, or noſe-intonation, that ever was given to a Pſalm tune, and the thorough baſe of his *Amen*, was quite aſtoniſhing.

I had got ſome wax'd thread at the cobler's, and mended my baſſoon, which was ſo well received at this church, that the 'Squire's lady invited me to Dinner. "Good Signior *Collioni*," ſays ſhe, "you "have charmed, you have enraptured "me; pray, has the wind which eſcapes "out at the end of your inſtrument any "ſmell?"——"ſmell! ſays I, no, madam, "not unleſs I eat onions." At this all the ladies laughed moſt extravagantly.

However, the 'Squire after dinner gave me a recommendatory letter to great Mr. *Eccho* of *Durham*, principal performer belonging to that opulent cathedral; and withal told me, that Mr. *Eccho* had ſo

long

long apply'd himſelf to muſical notes, that he had utterly forgot all articulate language. That he preached, converſed, prayed, ſcolded, ſwore, and talk'd bawdy, all on the fiddle, without uttering a word, or even making a ſign with his fingers.—

DURHAM,

At my introduction to Mr. *Eccho*, I began a long complimental ſpeech, which I had been ſome time ſtudying.—" Moſt " reſpectable ſir, whoſe ſoul is a ſoul of " harmony, and whoſe body is like a baſe-" viol."—Here he ſnatch'd up his fiddle with an air of great complacency, and drawing the bow gently over the ſtrings ſaid, as plain as if he had ſpoke it, " O, ſir, " your moſt obedient; you compliment " me indeed, ſir, too much." I then told him how long a journey I had performed on foot, and that the duſty roads had made me dry. He ſnatched up his violin, and before he had play'd above a

bar or two, in came a footman with a jug of delicate ale. Next I mentioned modeſtly my having eat nothing all day.—" *Trut, trut, biſh, baſh, buſh,*" cries the fiddle—" Indeed, ſir, replies I, I don't " faſt for the ſake of devotion"——" *ir,* " *er, ar, querr, quorr, quurr*"—quoth the fiddle, and in came a ſurloin of cold beef, and muſtard and bread, in the twinkling of a fiddle-ſtick.

" This, gentlemen," quoth I, " is " greater than *Orpheus* and *Eurydice,* or " the *Serpent*;—no, no, *Orpheus* could " do no ſuch things as theſe—ale and " beef were a note or two above his " fiddle!"

Soon after came in Mr. *Eccho*'s wife, with a " what the deuce are you about, " bringing beggars into my houſe?"—Mr. *Eccho* catched up the fiddle, and ſuch a jar did I never hear—" *arg, erg, urg, gir,* " *gor, gur*"——I warrant you madam became as dumb as if ſhe were inchanted.

Indeed,

Indeed, hearing this lady give me the opprobrious name of beggar, I took care to ſhew the diamond ring on my little finger, which I always wear when I perform in public, which might give her a better opinion of me, tho' indeed it is only a Briſtol ſtone, and that I pay a ſilver-ſmith two pence a week for the uſe of; I would at the ſame time have hired a laced waiſtcoat, but was aſked a ſhilling a week, tho' I am ſure the lace had been twice turn'd; yet, if I had hired it, I dare ſay Dr. *Hiccup* would ſcarcely have kicked me out of his houſe.

CARLISLE.

At *Carliſle* I waited on Lord *Diddle-doodle* with proper muſical credentials: he was ſeated oppoſite to a glaſs practiſing ſome *ſolfeggi* on the flute, and attending to the gracefulneſs of his own attitude. "Moſt illuſtrious Peer, ſays I," (making a bow to the very ground) "your noble "anceſtors gain'd victory in the hardy "fields

" fields of war, but you by muſic civilize " and harmonize mankind; with what " rapture muſt they lean from their ſtarry " manſions to hear and ſee your immortal " powers of harmony and grace!" I ſtopp'd, and on looking up, found that his lordſhip had not attended to a word I had ſpoken, nor ſeemed conſcious of my being in the room;---but as great geniuſes are often abſent, I repeated my compliment in a louder voice, and approaching, was amazed to find that his lordſhip was quite deaf, deaf as a poſt; and yet he executed the moſt difficult paſſages in muſic with the greateſt grace and manner,—better, I dare ſay, than if he had heard his own performance.

When his lordſhip had perceived me, he approached me with the utmoſt politeneſs, and made ſigns for me to ſit down, and accompany him upon the baſſoon, which I did 'till dinner-time. After dinner, I intreated my lady *Diddle-doodle* to prevail upon the noble lord to ſing, which

he

he did; but I was rather disappointed at finding that his voice was only pack-thread *. However, "he sung in tune; "had a shake, and was far from vulgar." My lady afterwards made ample amends by her own singing. Her voice was a skane of silk, without the least mixture of worsted. She understood all the lights and shades of melody. Her back-ground; her mezzotints; and her clare-obscure were charming, "and there was such a "roundness and dignity in all the tones, "that every thing she did became in-"teresting."

It was in this part of *England*, I paid a visit to Mr. *Quaver*, with recommendatory letters from lord *Diddle-doodle*; I found him to be a gentleman of considerable and original musical genius; his taste was pure, chaste, refined; and his execution, particularly upon the Jew's harp, was exquisite; he executed with great

* "His voice is now but a thread."
TOUR THRO' ITALY.

taste

taſte and powers, *Nancy Dawſon*, *Lilla-bullero*, and *Old Sir Simon the king*. After dinner he explained to me his ſyſtem for the improvement of ſound, which was at once ſublime and original. "The Author "of Nature," ſaid he, "has with an equal "and judicious hand diſtributed his gifts "among his creatures: to one he has given "ſtrength; to another, dexterity; to a "third, perſeverance; in the ſame man-"ner has he divided the agreeable quali-"fications; and the courtier and the fine "gentleman need not bluſh to receive in-"ſtruction from the ſpaniel and the "monkey---Now as the philoſopher mo-"dels his life upon an imitation of the "virtues of animals, the true connoiſſeur "will do the ſame"---there he ſtopp'd, as if afraid to explain himſelf; but I told him, that there was ſomething ſo original and maſterly in his conceptions that I ſhould never be eaſy, until he communicated them. Upon which, after a ſhort pauſe, he ſeized me by the hand, and graſping

graſping it with affection, " ſince, ſaid " he, I find in you the true ſpirit of your " ſcience, I will no longer maintain any " reſerve. Know then, that after a pro- " found meditation upon the ſublimeſt " myſteries of our profeſſion, I have traced " them up to the creation"—" how! ſaid " I, with amaze, I thought that the greateſt " Antiquarians had never brought them " with any certainty higher than the De- " luge." I knew," ſaid he, " I ſhould ſur- " prize you; but it is certain that *Adam*, " among his other qualifications, poſſeſſed " that of expreſſing every ſound that ever " has or can be uttered; hence he could " not only ſing baſs and treble, counter- " tenor, and ſoprano to admiration; but " alſo ſqueak like a pig, croak like a frog, " bellow like a bull, whinny like a colt, " and bray like an aſs.

" It is true, that the greater part of theſe " faculties was taken from him at the " Fall, and the reſt have been very ſpa- " ringly beſtowed upon his deſcendants;

" from hence arifes that degeneracy into " which muſic has fallen in the modern " ages of the world: that ſublime ſci- " ence, inſtead of expreſſing the natural " paſſions, by a judicious imitation of the " tones of beaſts; inſtead of roaring out " the lion's rage; bellowing the jealouſy " of the bull, or chanting the amorous " paſſions of the nightingale, is become a " meer unmeaning jargon, without force " or energy, and its profeſſors and ad- " mirers are dwindled into the moſt con- " temptible part of the creation; quaver- " ing eunuchs, unfeeling proſtitutes, in- " ſignificant blockheads, wretches with- " out head, or heart, or ſentiment, or " enthuſiaſm."—I was ſenſible that there was much truth in this gentleman's obſervations, though I could not aſſent to every thing he ſaid againſt our modern *virtuoſi*, among whom envy itſelf muſt acknowledge there are ſome accompliſhed characters; and the eighteenth century will always glory in having produced a

KING of PRUSSIA, an ELECTOR of MUNICH, a TENDUCCI, and a BURNEY.

" But," ſaid my friend, " perceiving " this to be the lamentable ſtate of things, " I have with true and indefatigable in- " duſtry applied myſelf to the reſtoration " of the firſt *Adamitical* harmony; I have " ſelected the moſt admirable notes from " every animal, and have already acquired " a tolerable proficiency in bellowing, " braying and grunting: I indeed found " that the *ſquall* of the peacock was two " notes too high for my voice; but in re- " turn, if I may ſay ſo without vanity, I " can inſpire every hen and goſling in the " yard with tender ſentiments. I have, " beſides this, collected every great natu- " ral genius that I have found among the " brute creation; I have a young he-aſs " who has an admirable baſs; a young " hog, (a *caſtrato*) who ſings a counter- " tenor; and a dear little cat, whom, in " honour of that illuſtrious name, ſo ce- " lebrated in the Doctor's tour, I call

" MINGOTTI, who has an excellent tre-
" ble, and a ſurpriſing *portamento*. But
" why waſte I time in deſcription? you
" ſhall ſee my ſcholars, and my *ſchola*."

Saying this, he led me to a large build-ing, which reſembled a barn, where we were received by the *Maeſtro di Capella*, who was an old and deaf huntſman. The firſt object I beheld was a beautiful ſhe-aſs in a *Mecklinburgh* night-cap, who brayed a ſolo. Her voice was one of the cleareſt, ſweeteſt, trueſt, moſt powerful and extenſive I ever heard. " In com-
" paſs, it is from *B b* on the fifth ſpace
" in the baſs, to *D* in *alt*, full ſteady and
" equal; her ſhake was good, and her
" *portamento* admirably free from the
" noſe, mouth, or throat." We were then entertained by a duet between the *Mingotti*, and a large raven, in the *chro-matic*, which grew more ſpirited by my friend's pulling a bone out of his pocket, which he threw to the performers, and thereby produced a *conflicta*. I then told

my

my friend that I would willingly hear the *caſtrato*, but he anſwered he was afraid the *Caffarelli* could not oblige me in that particular, as he had unfortunately taken cold by rolling too long upon an unaired dunghill, and was then actually in a courſe of ſugar-candy. However, he threw a turnip to encourage him to exert himſelf, and I could judge from what I then heard, that he is likely to become a moſt maſterly performer.

My friend then tied ſtrings to the ears of ſix young greyhound puppies, which he twitch'd with ſo much art and judgment by means of a pully, that I think the effect was equal to any *viol di gamba* I ever heard, not excepting that of the Elector of *Munich*.

He then ſuſpended two cats by the tails, which he contrived ſhould alternately bob upon the noſes of two ſucking pigs, who were tied by the hind-legs to the floor: though I obſerved theſe performers were ſomewhat embarraſſed in their

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their manner, yet I could not but acknowledge the effect was quite original and truly theatric.

Mr. *Quaver* then told me that he had formerly introduced some of these performers to sing at a concert, but without success: and he made great complaints of the unpoliteness of the audience, which he said could sit with patience three hours to listen to the unmeaning trills of heroes in hoop-petticoats, and *Italian* vagabonds in a strange language, while they would not bestow one half hour upon the voice of nature and their brethren *. Tho' I was quite ignorant of the facts he alluded to, yet, like Dr. BURNEY, I was so partial to talents, wherever I found them, that I could not help condoling with my kind host upon the occasion; and after

* "Guadagni complains of illiberal treatment from the public, who, when he sung in the Opera of *Orfeo*, merely to oblige them and Sir W. W. without fee or reward, hissed him for going off the stage when he was encored, with no other design than *to return in character*."
TOUR THRO' GERMANY.

having

having bemoaned the degeneracy of the times, and wiſhed him ſucceſs in his truly original undertaking, which I promiſed him I would take due notice of in my intended work, I ſet forward on my journey toward *Lancaſter*.

That day I met with no muſical incident, but the next, as I walked along the high road, I thought I heard a tinkling of bells, not ſo loud as thoſe of horſes in a team, but much more harmonious. I took the liberty therefore of following my ears, and ſcrambling over a clipp'd hedge found myſelf upon a fine lawn belonging to a gentleman's ſeat, and ſoon perceived that this muſic proceeded from *tintinnabula* bells faſtened on the necks of a flock of ſheep grazing near me. Tho' I know Dr. Burney treats all *Carillons* with ſovereign contempt, I confeſs I was much pleaſed with theſe, and taking out my tablets, followed them, and pricked down the tunes they played, which indeed were full of pretty things. The ſheep too accompanied

companied them like "performers who "had seen some service," except one ram, who, tho' a veteran in years, bleated the thorough-bass as much out of tune as if he had just 'listed. As I observed however that he neither wanted compass nor taste, I ran up to him, and catching hold of his horns, bleated the true time into his ears, which he endeavoured to imitate with all his might, and I make no doubt that I should soon have remedied the only defect I found in this pastoral band, but lo! while I was thus engaged, a rude fellow in a fustian frock and laced hat, coming behind me, seized me by the collar, and almost throttled me, roaring out at the same time, "O you gal- "lows sheep-stealing thief, have I caught "you in the fact at last?" and without allowing me breath to answer, dragged me to an alcove at a little distance, where sat a young gentleman in a fantastic Arcadian habit, playing upon a guittar; who at our entrance reproved the servant

for

for interrupting him before he had finiſhed his ſolo. " A fiddle-ſtick for *ſolo*," ſaid the fellow, " this is no time to be " ſtrumming of cat-gut, pray come and " aſſiſt me to take this ſheep-ſtealer be- " fore your father and get his *mittimus* " ſigned." Indeed, replied the other, I will not be diſturbed by ſuch trifles; and immediately began ſinging, with infinite fire and expreſſion,

" *Ye ſhepherds give ear to my lay,*
" *And take no more heed of my ſheep.*"

I was ſo ſtruck with his maſterly performance, that not being able to clap my hands together, in token of applauſe, I cried out, *braviſſimo! encora!* " Ay, ſaid the ſervant, " the dog calls for the reſt " of the gang—we ſhall be murdered in " ſight of our own houſe."—I proteſted I was no ſheep-ſtealer, but a muſician on his travels, which the young gentleman ſaid he believed, as I ſeemed to have a very good ear, and added,

" The man that has *no* muſic in his ſoul,

" And is *not* touch'd by concord of ſweet ſounds,
" *He*'s fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils."

To which the fellow anſwered, that a man might be a ſheep-ſtealer and a muſicianer too, and ſwore it was a fiddler at a wake that robbed all the neighbour's hen-rooſts; I ſubmitted to go before the juſtice quietly, and the young Arcadian followed, ſinging and playing as he walked along in the moſt pathetic manner,

My ſheep I've forſaken, and left my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forſook.

When we came before the old gentleman, the man made his charge, which I anſwered by telling the ſtory as I have juſt related it; the young gentleman made an eloquent ſpeech in my defence, and concluded with ſinging moſt divinely,

O clear him then from this offence,
Thy love, his duty prove, &c.

The ſervant deſired I might be ſearched, aſſuring the juſtice that he had felt a blunderbuſs under my coat, and that I had papers about me, which might diſ-

cover

cover my accomplices. Upon the ſearch, my baſſoon, the only weapon I had, was produced, to the utter confuſion of my unrelenting proſecutor; and my MSS. being handed up, the juſtice read aloud the title in theſe words, "An Enquiry "into the preſent ſtate of the Muſic of "the Spheres, with the Overture to the "laſt Eclipſe of the Moon, and a diſſer- "tation on the celeſtial fiddle-ſtick, vul- "garly called the rain-bow." As ſoon as he had read this, the juſtice jumped up, and walked away; declaring I was juſt ſuch a poor crack-brain'd fellow as his ſon, and that we were fit company for each other. As ſoon as he had quitted the bench, the young gentleman came up to me, and apologizing for his father's rude behaviour, requeſted I would paſs an hour with him in his ſtudy. This invitation I readily accepted, notwithſtanding the character I had juſt heard of him, for I am of opinion, that a little perturbation of the faculties is not amiſs, and

indeed is unavoidable in a young muſician of fire and imagination. I found he had written ſeveral pieces relative to the improvement of muſical ſcience, tho' his modeſty had prevented their publication. Among other manuſcripts which he ſhewed me, was a propoſal for carrying on war without bloodſhed, in which, his ſcheme was to arm the ſoldiers with muſical inſtruments and fire-arms; which latter ſhould be only diſcharged into the air at proper intervals, for the ſake of muſical exploſions; and that the baſs ſhould be played by great cannon, in the ſame harmleſs manner, ſo that each army ſhould form a complete band, and the battle ſhould be loſt by that general which ſhould firſt play out of tune. I much applauded this ſcheme, as well on account of the grand effect which muſical cannon muſt produce, as for the ſake of all the Chriſtian blood which would be ſaved by the adoption of this mode of deciſion among the powers of Europe; for

for, like the Dr. " tho' I love muſic very " well, I love humanity ſtill better," in which particular we differ much from that great flutiſt and warrior the king of Pruſſia. He next ſhewed me a plan of a work he was then upon, which was turning Mr. Garrick's celebrated *Ode on Shakeſpeare* into an Italian Opera, a ſpecies of writing, which, he ſaid, it much reſembled in ſtile, imagery, poetry and ſentiment. " Mark," ſays he, " the pictu- " reſque beauty of theſe two lines, which " are the laſt I have tranſlated :

" *The little loves, like bees,*
" *Cluſt'ring, and climbing up his knees.*"

" What an amazing effect this perſonifica- " tion of the loves will have on the ſtage, " when the audience behold Signor *Rauzini* " in the character of Shakeſpeare, with a " hive of Mr. *Wildman*'s bees climbing up " his legs, with the queen-bee at their " head, in the character of Venus, who " will be taught to perform a moſt en- " chanting ſolo *hum!* After ſhe has ſaluted

" the

" the poet, he, ſhe, and her ſubject bees,
" all ſmile; for, as the inimitable Mr.
" *Garrick* expreſſes it,

" *They* SMILE *while they're giving,*
" *He* SMILES *at receiving,*
" *A treaſure of joy.*"

After I had ſufficiently complimented him upon this work, and told him that I thought the Ode would be wonderfully improved in his hands, we diſcourſed upon the ſubject of Dr. Burney's travels, of which he was a profeſſed admirer; and mentioned with great approbation that " curious operation" which the Dr. was informed, was " performed fre-
" quently at Naples, of cutting the glands
" of the throat, when ſo inflated, or big,
" as to obſtruct the free paſſage of the
" voice." This anecdote had given my friend a hint of greater improvements; " We are too ſparing," ſays he, " of the
" knife—and when we are arrived at
" caſtration, think the voice is as perfect
" as art can make it, but we ſtop ſhort

" of

" of perfection. There are other ſuper-
" fluities beſides the *teſtes* and glands of
" the throat which obſtruct the free
" courſe of the voice. Believe me, Sir,
" the TONGUE itſelf might well be ſpared,
" which only ſerves to articulate ſounds
" in ſpeaking, but is an incumbrance to
" a fine ſinger. Do me the favour, Sir,
" to ſing one air with this ivory bit in
" your mouth, to keep down your tongue,
" and you will be ſurprized at the dif-
" ference it makes in the mellowneſs of
" the tone, and the roundneſs of the
" volume of voice." Saying this, he fetched an ivory inſtrument out of his drawer, which he fixt in my mouth, and faſtened to my head, like a horſe's bit. He then continued his diſcourſe thus: " There is in fact no difference betwixt " vocal and inſtrumental muſic: for as " the ſoul is rightly defined by an antient " philoſopher to be harmony, ſo is the " body a natural muſical inſtrument; of " which the lungs form the bellows, and

" the

" the wind-pipe a paſſage for the air, as " in an organ; the uſe of this bit is to " preſerve the volume of voice entire, by " preſſing down the tongue; and, by the " bye, if the teeth were pulled out too, " it would leave the paſſage infinitely " freer from obſtruction."—Here I endeavoured to interrupt him, for I found the bit very painful, but not being able to articulate, he thought I was attempting to ſing, and cried out, " Stay a mo- " ment, my dear friend, let me juſt put " two plugs into your noſtrils to prevent " the air from iſſuing out at thoſe aper- " tures." I was reſolved not to endure this, and looked round for the door, in order to ſecure a retreat, while he thus went on:—" I always wear plugs when " I ſing, but I have a great notion that " if holes were bored at proper diſtances " along the ſide of the noſe, it would " make no bad flute. Now, Sir, give " me leave to ſhew you how much far- " ther the jaws ought to be diſtended by

" the

" the lancet, and where the glands ſhould " be cut."—Saying this, he drew a pen-knife out of his ſide-pocket; but as I had all this time been ſidling toward the door, (being now fully convinced he was rather more diſturbed in his faculties than a good theoriſt ought to be,) out I flew, and never once looked behind me till I was fairly out of ſight of the houſe; when at my leiſure I untied my jaws which now began to ach confoundedly, and walked on very well pleaſed to find that I had not left my tongue behind me, and reflected upon the truth of the poet's obſervation,

Great wit to madneſs nearly is allied,
And thin partitions do the bounds divide.

I paſſed through the towns of *Lancaſter* and *Preſton* without any adventure, and the next day arrived at

LIVERPOOL.

Here I inſtantly went to pay my reſpects to Mr. *Cable*, who had formerly

commanded a ſhip in the African ſlave-trade, but had long quitted that inhuman employment, and given himſelf up entirely to the cultivation of muſic. I found him ſitting in a pleaſant ſummer-houſe, which he had erected on the top of a decayed elm, and with infinite taſte fitted up in imitation of a ſhip's cabbin. Here he was ſolacing himſelf with a pipe and a bowl of grog. He very civilly invited me to ſit down, and when I had preſented my recommendatory letter to him, he put it into his pocket, and ſaid, he would overhaul it at his leiſure, though I afterward found that the captain had never had the advantage of learning to read or write. After having emptied two bowls in the moſt amicable manner, the captain very civilly propoſed to me to ſing, which I inſtantly complied with, and began tuning up, *Let not age thy bloom enſnare, &c.* but was much ſurprized to hear him roar out, before I had finiſhed the firſt line, that "d—— his "eyes,

" eyes, he did not like that palaver, but " wanted to hear *Hearts of Oak*, or ſome- " thing that was jolly." I very ſubmiſſively excuſed myſelf as never having learnt that air, and he, accepting my apology, told me, as I could not ſing, I might have a bout with my fiddle, as he ſuppoſed I knew how to ſcrape that. Though this behaviour was very oppoſite to that ſoftneſs which the love of muſic generally inſpires, and made me envy the good fortune of my great maſter, who in his travels had always performed to princes, and electors; yet not chuſing to exaſperate my hoſt, who was a middle-ſized, broad-ſhouldered man, with bow-legs, and a fiſt like a ſhoulder of mutton, I took up my violoncello, and began an overture which I thought capable of diſarming the greateſt ruggedneſs of temper. Full twenty minutes I continued playing without interruption, congratulating myſelf upon the conqueſt I had gained over the captain's ferocity, and reflecting with

admiration upon the amazing powers of ſound, which could thus ſilence the jarring paſſions, and ſoften the rougheſt diſpoſitions. " O why," ſaid I to myſelf, " is " not the great Dr. here, to ſhare in the " triumphs of his pupil?" Saying this, I ventured to ſteal a glance at a pier-glaſs, that was oppoſite to me, in order to adjuſt my attitude, when, with the utmoſt ſurprize and indignation, I beheld the captain, whom I thought enraptured by my ſkill, faſt aſleep, and nodding in his elbow chair. I confeſs, I was ſcarcely able to contain my fury at this affront, but thinking it inconſiſtent with my character to expreſs my feelings in any other than a muſical way; I ſang with great vehemence—*I rage—I burn—deſpair—deſpair.—To arms, to arms, your ſilver trumpets ſound*—and touching my violoncello in the rudeſt manner, I awoke ſuch ſounds of horror and anguiſh; I made the ſtrings ſo reſponſive to the agitations of my mind, that the captain ſtarted up

pre-

precipitately from his seat, overset the bowl of liquor, and blasting my eyes, asked me what I meant by making such a catterwauling? There was something so terrific in his looks and gestures, that I could not resist the impulse I experienced, to pacify him by my apologies. These he kindly received, and we cemented our reconciliation by another bowl of grog; after which the captain felt himself in such good humour, that he insisted upon my giving him my impartial opinion upon his own musical acquirements, and ringing the bell, ordered his *Gom-gom* to be brought in. This instrument was a wooden bow, the ends of which were confined by a dried, and hollow gut, into which the captain blew, scraping upon it at the same time with an old fiddle-stick, stamping upon the ground, and roaring out, Ho! ho! with such a force of lungs, and extension of voice, that at length, unable to bear the horrid discord any longer, I begged him to desist.

deſiſt. He then told me that he had acquired the knowledge of this inſtrument during the courſe of ſeveral voyages to the coaſt of Africa, and that his proficiency was allowed to be ſo great, that the king of *Benin* had offered to make him his prime miniſter, provided he would have continued at his court, and that he had ſecretly received propoſals of marriage from a princeſs of *Monomatapa*. "But," added he, "I loved old England ſo well "that I did not chuſe to ſtay with their "black majeſties, and having made a "very pretty fortune, retired hither, "where I live very happily, and amuſe "myſelf every afternoon with my fa-"vourite inſtrument."—He then aſked me with a very ſelf-ſufficient ſmile, or rather grin, if I did not prefer it to an overgrown fiddle, and all the Italian whimſies, and tweedle-dums, that people played upon in theſe days?—I thought myſelf and my profeſſion ſo much inſulted by this impertinent diſcourſe, that I could not

not help telling him with a contemptuous ſmile, that the muſic was adapted to the muſician, that it might do very well for ſeafaring people, but that to cultivated ears it was abſolutely barbarous; and therefore I adviſed him to confine his exhibitions to his negro princes and princeſſes, and never again attempt to perform before any perſon poſſeſſed of the leaſt brilliancy of finger. Saying this, I took up my violoncello, that by the execution of a moſt maſterly *capricio*, I might convince him of his ignorance, and my own ſkill. But ſcarce had I touched the chords before this unmannerly tarpaulin burſt into the moſt reproachful language. He called me a louſy raſcal; a ſqueaking ſon of a b——h; a lubberly gut-ſcraper; and not contented with this contumelious treatment, when I attempted to vindicate my character, he knocked me down at one blow, and after this unprecedented outrage, ordered two black ſlaves to bring him a rope, and ſwore he would keel-

haul

haul me. In vain did I remonſtrate againſt this inhuman treatment, in ſounds which might have "melted rocks, and ſoftened "things inanimate to pity;" I was dragged to a large horſe-pond, in the middle of which was a kind of Indian canoe, under which I was three times ſucceſſively drawn by two ropes, while the captain ſtood on the bank, ſhaking his ſides with laughter, and playing a warlike meaſure with his *gom-gom*. Having undergone this ſavage operation, I was thruſt headlong into the ſtreet, my teeth chattering, and my whole body ſhivering with cold and affright; and the captain muttering out the moſt barbarous jeſts on my condition, threw my violoncello after me, and ſhut the door.

In this diſtreſſed ſituation did I wander about the town, hooted at by the boys, and exciting the deriſion of the vulgar; till at length a very decent woman, who lives at the ſign of the French horn, (to which circumſtance I principally aſcribe her

her humanity) kindly invited me in, and after drying myſelf at her fire, and drinking a quartern of gin, to prevent my catching cold, I ſlept very comfortably that night upon a flock bed, and ſet out early the next morning for

CHESTER.

The ablution I had received the day before having anſwered every purpoſe of clean linen, I ventured with very little alteration in my dreſs to preſent myſelf to Dr. *Smirk*, a dignified clergyman in that city. I found the Doctor ſo buſied in learning a new opera tune, that though I repeatedly bowed, and attempted to ſpeak, he took no manner of notice of me. At length, having exhauſted his breath, he threw himſelf negligently down upon a ſopha, and rolling his eyes round the room, beheld me in the corner where I had ſeated myſelf. Inſtantly he rang his bell, and reproving his ſervant for ſuffering any more curates to interrupt

him in his ſtudies, he ordered him to turn me out of the houſe. Though I was ſomewhat daunted at this extraordinary reception, yet I plucked up ſufficient courage to inform him, that I was no curate, but a muſician errant, whom one of his friends had taken the liberty of recommending to him for his protection, and informing him of the purport of my journey, I added, that I doubted not, under his auſpices, *Cheſter* would prove one of the moſt intereſting articles in my collection. The Doctor ſeemed much mollified by this compliment, and ordering the man to bring in his flute, he practiſed ſeveral new *ſolfeggi*, on which he deſired my opinion; I told him that I thought "his hand was firm and brilliant, his taſte and expreſſion admirable, and his ſteadineſs in time ſuch as a *Dilettante* is ſeldom poſſeſſed of." I begged the favour of hearing him ſing, which he readily granted, but before he began, he ordered his ſervant to bring in his

his *Dilettante* ring and wig. Seeing that he had excited my wonder, he very obligingly explained himſelf, by telling me, that, as nothing added ſo much to the power of muſic as the dreſs of the performer, and as no part of dreſs was more ſtriking and important, than that of the head and finger, he had, during his tour to the Continent, provided rings and wigs for every ſpecies of muſic that he could ever be called upon to perform. He ſhewed me a ſpruce ſcratch neatly powdered, with a tyburn-top, and a large ruby in the ſhape of a bleeding heart, which, he ſaid, he wore when he performed amorous ditties to the ladies; and he aſſured me that he never ventured to ſing before the fair ſex, without uſing Lord *Cheſterfield*'s receipt for the teeth, which he recommended upon his own experience, as being one of the moſt valuable articles in the works of that great man. He had alſo a large full-flowing tye, (the invention of which, and the adapting it

to his features, he told me, had coſt him three years) in which he preached, together with an antique gem curiouſly adorned with a maſterly repreſentation of the god *Priapus*; this laſt, however, he very rarely uſed, except when he preached charity-ſermons. He alſo ſhewed me a very handſome bob, together with a pair of doe-ſkin breeches, neatly embroidered at the flaps, and a pair of huſſar boots laced at the ſeams, all which, he intended to wear that night at the catch-club, to which he kindly offered to introduce me. In the courſe of our converſation, he told me, that his preferment had been principally owing to a young lord, with whom he had had the good fortune to make the tour of Europe, as a travelling tutor: that my lord being equally fond of muſic and horſes, uſually rode poſt; while he followed him at his leiſure in a chaiſe, bringing with him his lordſhip's favourite cremona, together with a large ſhock dog; which at his

leiſure

leiſure hours his lordſhip inſtructed in the arts of fetching and carrying, and walking upon his hinder legs. He ſaid, that his tenderneſs for this reſpectable animal, together with his ſkill in cooking *macaroni*, and his great powers in ſinging catches, had recommended him to the acquaintance and patronage of ſeveral of the prime nobility.

In the evening I accompanied the Doctor equipped in the habiliments I have deſcribed, to the ſign of the Yacht, where the weekly meeting of his brother muſicians and divines was held. Here I had the pleaſure of hearing him join in *Which is the propereſt day to drink?* and ſeveral other witty and ſentimental catches, with great taſte, humour, and muſical powers. A very pretty band conſtantly attended this aſſembly; and what ſurprized me much at the time, was to obſerve Dr. *Smirk* as ſoon as he entered the room, go up to the performers, and after making them a genteel bow, pull one of them

them by the noſe; give another a box on the ear; and a third a kick on the breech, till he had ſaluted the whole band in the ſame rough manner, which uncouth compliment they ſeemed to take with wonderful chriſtian patience, and ſubmiſſion. This, however, the Doctor afterwards told me was his conſtant cuſtom; for he ſaid "he was a rigid diſciplinarian," and regularly tuned his muſicians, as he was pleaſed to call it, in this manner once a week: "For," added he, "it is a melancholy reflection to make, that few "compoſers are well treated by an or-"cheſtra, till they have uſed the per-"formers roughly and made themſelves "formidable."

On our return from the concert, I hinted to Dr. *Smirk*, that it was a great pity the world ſhould not enjoy the benefit of the many curious obſervations he muſt have made in his continental tour; and though Dr. *Burney* had almoſt exhauſted the ſubject of muſic, yet I ſhould think it

no

no diſgrace for men of the firſt talents to glean after that celebrated genius, and that there was a variety of other polite ſubjects, particularly cookery, amply ſufficient to immortalize the labours of any other traveller. The Doctor ſmiling told me, that he had indeed thrown together a few obſervations, in the form of a journal, with which, he hinted, he might be induced to oblige the world, as ſoon as he had a ſufficient number of reſpectable friends to perſuade him to their publication. He ſaid, that in the ſmall compaſs of a few ſheets, which a bookſeller by the help of a proper type and margin would ſcarcely be able to dilate into two octavo volumes, he had treated of almoſt every ſubject. "For the mathematician," ſays he, "I have a new theory of comets, "though never having learned arithmetic "myſelf, it is now under the correction "of the maſter of the free-ſchool: for "the phyſician, there are many great "diſcoveries in electricity, by which I

"prove

" prove that the five ſenſes, and the ſoul
" itſelf, are nothing more than a peculiar
" kind of electricity; together with ſome
" fine obſervations on *vacuums*, and the
" cure of diſeaſes by *ſilk waiſtcoats*: For
" the moraliſts, I have ſeveral pretty re-
" flections; particularly that the ideas of
" right and wrong are not the ſame in
" any two places under the ſun: and for
" the ladies, for whom indeed, as being
" at preſent the ultimate judges of all
" philoſophical treatiſes, my whole work
" is peculiarly calculated; there is my
" continually recurring deſcription of tea-
" drinking, horſe-races, proceſſions, and
" the game of croſs purpoſes."

After this converſation I retired to reſt upon a down-bed, in an elegant apartment. The next day the Doctor having furniſhed me with letters to ſeveral of his acquaintance in different parts of my route, was alſo ſo kind as to permit me to ride behind his ſervant, who was going great part of my way to *Wolverhampton*,

hampton, upon one of his coach-horſes, where I arrived after a journey of three days.

WOLVERHAMPTON.

As I entered this town, I was agreeably ſurprized by hearing a grand chorus of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, among which I plainly diſtinguiſhed the marrow bones and cleavers, and the Engliſh horn. I ſtood ſtill ſome time to obſerve the *diminuendo* and *creſcendo*: at length the performers and the proceſſion approaching nearer, I diſcovered it to be the triumphal entry of a new knight of a neighbouring ſhire. Imagination can conceive nothing more ſtriking and auguſt. Firſt marched four and twenty patriots, without breeches, diſtinguiſhed by blue cockades, or blue garters, who made the air reſound with liberty and independency. After theſe came a celebrated muſician, who regulated the march

of the whole band by the cadences of his fiddle: this gentleman's finger was very neat and rapid; but I could not help lamenting that his inſtrument was very much out of tune. After theſe followed fifteen performers upon the marrow-bones and cleavers, all in blue aprons and blue night-caps; and three upon the Britiſh horn, ſinging the following grand chorus; of which I was informed both the words and muſic had been compoſed by very great men.

"Then chear up brave lads of our famous town!
Is it not a fine ſight
To ſee our good knight
On his nag bolt upright?—
He'll maul ye the courtiers,
And all their ſupporters,
And fill the whole county with praiſe and renown."

After theſe rode the ſucceſsful candidate himſelf upon a beautiful dappled mule: this

this animal he had expreſly choſen, to expreſs his perſeverance in the track which he had once entered upon, his patience in attending upon public buſineſs; his inflexibility in oppoſition; and above all his exceeding love to his country, for whoſe dear ſake it is ſometimes the duty of a member of the Houſe of Commons to deſcend within one degree of an aſs; and be prepared to go yet greater lengths if neceſſary. Behind him came an innumerable train of the principal gentlemen of the town, conſiſting of button-makers; blackſmiths; coal-heavers; nail-makers; iron-ſplitters; knife-grinders; barbers; apothecaries; and taylors; ſome of theſe gentlemen rode upon horſes, others upon aſſes; part carried their wives and children, and part their miſtreſſes upon the ſame horſe: ſome had the implements of their trade, ſuch as braſs fenders; ſyringes; cloſe-ſtools; and chamber-pots; tied to long poles by blue ribbands, in-

ſcribed with the name of the repreſentative: ſome were hollowing, others ſinging, ſome roaring, and others vomiting: in ſhort, it was altogether the moſt auguſt ſpectacle I had ever ſeen. After gazing ſome time I felt myſelf on a ſudden inſpired with that enthuſiaſm which elevates the ſoul above the vulgar reſtrictions which reaſon impoſes upon unemulative minds, and thinking this a proper occaſion to immortalize myſelf, and ſignalize my art, I gave a penny to a duſtman to let me aſcend the lofty altitudes of his cart. As ſoon as I was there, I touched my violoncello with unuſual ardour, ſinging at the ſame time an *extempore* ſong in praiſe of the candidate, wherein I celebrated after the manner of the ancient bards, his lineage derived from the gods; the immortal actions of his illuſtrious anceſtors, who had cleared this iſland of wolves and other monſters; I then tranſided to the gentleman himſelf, whom

whom I exalted as a demi-god, or at leaſt an hero: I praiſed the majeſty of his perſon, and the melody of his voice; which I compared to that of an Arcadian nightingale, bemoaning his mate upon a flowery ſpray. I then declared that he united in himſelf the virtues and excellencies of his whole line: that he was a ſelf-taught orator; a patriot; and a politician; I compared his mule to the famous *Bucephalus*, and himſelf to *Alexander*, making his triumphal entry into *Babylon* after the conqueſt of a thouſand nations. I concluded my elegant panegyric, by congratulating this iſland upon its numbering ſo great a character among its legiſlators; one who would extend its commerce, and its empire; encourage its manufactures, particularly that of buttons; patronize the fine arts; make the banks of the Thames echo with Italian airs; introduce caſtration among all claſſes of mankind; and extirpate the whole breed of foxes from the face of the earth.

I am

I am the more particular in this account of my ſong, becauſe I am willing to tranſmit to poſterity the ungrateful treatment I met with, in return for ſo ſublime a panegyric: a treatment, which I ſhould have eſcaped amongſt the moſt barbarous nations, ſince with them the character of a bard, or fiddler, has been always accounted ſacred. How much more ſhocking then muſt it appear in the inhabitants of a country which has long been the ſeat of arts and polite manufactures? But, this is not the firſt time that I have experienced the ingratitude of mankind, nor I fear the laſt! I comfort myſelf therefore with reflecting that in former times *Romulus* and *Alfred*, and in the preſent Signior *Giardini*, and Dr. *Burney*, have met with ſimilar treatment; though the firſt pair introduced arts and civilization into their reſpective countries, and the ſecond have attempted a greater action, that of caſtrating the children of the Foundling Hoſpital.

But

But I will treſpaſs no longer upon my reader's patience, whoſe ſympathetic breaſt is I doubt not by this time agitated by a war of paſſions! Scarce had I arrived at the concluſion of my ſong, before, inſtead of the admiration and applauſe which I had ſo well deſerved, I was ſaluted with a general hiſs; the repreſentative himſelf, from whom I confeſs I expected an handſome preſent, or at leaſt an invitation to dinner, ſmacked his whip three times, and exclaimed with a terrible oath: "This here man, gentlemen, is a "miniſterial tool, and all that he ſays is "unconſtitutional." Scarce had he ſpoken, before a rotten egg, thrown by an unknown hand, ſtruck me upon the left eye, and beſmeared my face with its fetid contents. I attempted to ſpeak, but a ſecond hurled with greater dexterity, entered and filled up the orifice of my mouth; and as I prepared to make a precipitate retreat from the elevated ſtation

tion which I had ſo unfortunately choſen, a turnip of an unuſual ſize ſtruck me upon the head, and levelled me with the duſt. Three times did I attempt to riſe, and as often was I knocked down by ſome perfidious caitiff; at length, finding all reſiſtance fruitleſs, I defended my head as well as I could, with my violoncello, and lay in patient expectation of their exhauſting their brutal fury upon me. The whole band then moved on to ſlow muſic, and every individual, as he paſt by my vehicle, left me ſome token of his reſentment: one pelted me with carrot-tops, turnip-parings, cabbage-ſtalks, dandelions, water-creſſes, and all the ordure of the green market; another endeavoured to ſepulchre me with the moſt odious remnants and productions of the animal reign; ſuch as pigs-paunches, dead cats, rotten puppies, the tripe of a dead horſe, and various other matters which decency prevents me from relating. Nay, to ſuch a pitch

a pitch of madneſs were they arrived, that they emptied three pots of urine upon my defenceleſs head, which I was afterwards told, but this I cannot report for certain, had been filled for that very purpoſe, by the freeholders in the country intereſt.

I very luckily received no other damage than the daubing my clothes from this terrible adventure; and therefore as ſoon as I had an opportunity of eſcaping, I deſcended ſoftly into the croud, and was leaving a town where I had been ſo unjuſtly perſecuted with great indignation, when I was kindly invited in by the landlord of the *Hog in Armour*, which invitation, in my preſent unhappy condition, I did not chuſe to decline. He had been witneſs to my cruel treatment, and imagined I had ſuffered for my adherence to the oppoſite party, to which he was ſtrongly attached himſelf; nor did I think proper to undeceive him. He very kindly carried me to his pump, and pumped

upon me with his own hand, till I had regained my former purity, both in reſpect to ſight and ſmell: he then placed me by his kitchen fire, filled me out a glaſs of gin, and bade me be of good courage. I replied that I was not ſo much exaſperated by any perſonal injury which I had received, as mortified at the falſe ideas I had entertained of the inhabitants of this town, who had been repreſented to me as extremely poliſhed, and great proficients both in the theory and practice of muſic, particularly the "*Carillon ſci-*"*ence*; concerning which I had deter-"mined to inform myſelf in a particular "manner."

He told me I muſt not be out of humour with his townſmen, who were at bottom a plain, honeſt, good-natured people; "and" added he with a look of myſtery, "I am ſure they never would have "proceeded to theſe extremities, had they "not been ſet on by ſome officious, inter-"meddling perſon." I begged he would

explain

explain himſelf, upon which he aſked me, If I had not obſerved a tall, thin, hungry, knock-knee'd man, in a grizzle-wig, ruſty black coat, dirty ſhirt, and a thread-bare pair of green velvet breeches? I told him I thought I had, but could not be poſitive. "That fellow," proceeded he, "was formerly catch-pole to a "bailiff in our town; but was turned off "for want of courage and dexterity; he "then commenced pimp and bully to a "bawdy-houſe, but had not addreſs "enough to ſucceed; however, after va-"rious metamorphoſes, I hear he is re-"tained by a London bookſeller, to write "a certain Grub-ſtreet journal, publiſhed "monthly and called a *Review*. When-"ever we have any dirty work to be "done, ſuch as ſcurrilous libels, electi-"oneering lies, ballads, or addreſſes to "the freeholders; any thing, in ſhort, "which requires knavery, effrontery, and "a ſkin which muſt be cudgel-proof, we "have him down from London at the

"rate of half a crown a day, and his "beer. Now as this fellow values him- "ſelf not only upon his literary talents, "but alſo upon ſinging a good ſong, and "being a tolerable bow-hand, I cannot "help thinking that he was inſtigated "by a jealouſy of your ſuperior talents "to miſrepreſent you among the free- "holders *. For though I was at too

"great

* Not content with this unprovoked and cruel treatment of me, the hackney author above alluded to, has ſince the publication of my Travels, endeavoured to do me ſtill further miſchief by his pen. I have, indeed, every reaſon to deſpiſe the attack, as it is contained in a publication, which I am well informed few perſons read, and fewer ſtill pay any attention to; and as it is very evident, that of the multiplicity of books which its authors pretend to give a character of, they have never ſeen one half, and do not underſtand the other: yet had the critics confined themſelves to reflections upon my underſtanding and behaviour, I ſhould have kiſſed the rod; for I too well know the diſadvantages of my education, which indeed are common to me with all other muſicians, to think I could produce any thing which would not be liable to a thouſand very juſt objections and criticiſms. Indeed as to that particular, I am very conſcious of the defects of my great original itſelf; but I comforted myſelf by reflecting, that a muſician was not obliged to be a ſcholar, or a man of ſenſe: and that no one could juſtly reproach my productions for being ſilly, frivolous, and unintereſting, without

" great a diſtance to judge of your me-
" thod of taking *Argogiatura*, yet I could
" plainly

without obliquely wounding thoſe of the great Doctor himſelf. But the calumny which chiefly affects me, and which is the only one that I ſhould think worthy my notice, is that of being a ſecret enemy of the illuſtrious perſonage whom I ſo much admire; and having maliciouſly endeavoured to ſatirize the celebrated ſinging and dancing Tour to the Continent. To have the genuine ſentiments of my heart miſtaken, or miſrepreſented, and to be accuſed of writing a lampoon, where I meant to expreſs the ſublimeſt panegyric, is a mortifying circumſtance, and muſt deeply wound a man of any ſenſibility; although to be abuſed and miſunderſtood, is a misfortune common to me with the beſt authors both of ancient and modern times. But as to the accuſation of malice, I truſt that nothing can appear more palpably abſurd, (except the above miſrepreſentation of my character and principles) and the gentlemen who have urged it againſt me, would have done well to conſult the dictionary, before they attempted to write. It is malice to ranſack a perſon's private life, and to publiſh the little inadvertencies which his paſſions or his temper have led him into, with a deſign of injuring his reputation, or his fortune. It may be alſo termed malice, when the unfortunate particularities of a man's voice, or figure, are expoſed to the public, with a view of rendering him ridiculous; though this talent conſtitutes the chief merit of a certain celebrated buffoon, who has long directed the laughter, and guided the taſte of the Britiſh nation. Again, when the effuſions of human weakneſs, intruſted to the indulgence of private friendſhip, are poſted up to gratify vulgar curioſity; this may I think be juſtly accounted malice, though it has been the practice of very great patriots, and

very

"plainly discern that *your sinfonies were* "*full of light and shade, your accompani-* "*ments ingenious and transparent, and* "*your*

very great philosophers. But to burlesque, controvert, or criticise works, which are voluntarily exposed to all mankind, and whose author could have no other motive for their publication than the opinion of his own superior abilities, argues no more of this ungenerous disposition than a man's criticising a picture at an exhibition proves him to entertain a personal antipathy to the painter. If the ridicule and opposition be unjust, they may indeed prove the weakness and ignorance of their author, but can never subject him to any other censure; if he has confined himself to the work, without attacking the private life, or unpublished sentiments of the writer; if on the contrary they be just, he does an essential service to the public, by preventing the adoption of improper models, either in style, or manners, or opinions. Had I really therefore written with a design of ridiculing the Doctor, which I think none but reviewers will impute to me, those gentlemen should have been the last to brand me with the epithet of malicious, who scarcely procure a wretched subsistence by waging a periodical war with almost the whole tribe of authors. With respect however to another part of their criticism, I confess that I should not once have introduced the disagreeable necessities of our nature, however important to my narration, had I not observed that the great man to whom the British nation owes its new system of morality, as well as great improvements in the theory of dancing, had not only a fine taste for all the graces of person and manner, but the most accurate nose (owing perhaps to his accomplished manner of blowing it) of any gentleman in the Houses of Peers, &c. distinguishing perfumes; which circumstance

"*your poetry much heightened by the rich*
"*and varied colouring of your inſtrument.*"

I anſwered, that I was obliged to him for his favourable opinion of my poor abilities, and very much inclined to admit the apology he had made for his townſmen; for, as I told him, I was very ſenſible that the mere intoxication of beer and liberty, rarely produced ſuch exceſſes as I had experienced; and that in all countries, even the moſt refined and muſical, where neither a drop of beer, nor a ſpark of liberty was to be found, public proceſſions were apt to excite rioting and licentiouſneſs among the vulgar †.

At this time three dancing bears were brought into the yard, which my landlord running out to accommodate, put an

ſtance his fair editreſs has thought too intereſting to the public to expunge it from her uſeful collection *.

* *I muſt not omit too, that when he breaks wind he ſmells exactly like Sultan.* Lord Cheſterfield's Letters, Vol. iii. Letter CCLXVI.

† This proceſſion ſeemed to have been as much the occaſion of riot and debauchery among the common people, as the beer and liberty with which an Engliſh mob is uſually intoxicated on a rejoicing night in London.

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

end

end for the preſent to our converſation *. The bears immediately began a ſerious dance, and to oblige my friend and the company, I played to them upon my violoncello, and muſt confeſs they performed their movements with great eaſe and exactneſs; *Bruin*, the firſt man-bear, "had "great force and neatneſs, and a gentle-"man's ſervant who ſtood by aſſured me "that he equalled *Slingsby* in his *à plomp*, "or neatneſs of keeping time; and that "the Bruini's *many twinkling feet* and "breaſts were not inferior in agility to "thoſe of Signora *Hidou*." During the dance, the ſecond man-bear (a very young performer) a little alarmed the company by diſplaying too much ſenſibility; for having a very quick and fine ear, while I was playing in a ſtrain ſomewhat *amoroſo*, he ſuddenly caught hold of a pretty young

* At this time ſome wild beaſts were brought to the palace-gate, which all the company running to ſee, put an end for the preſent to our converſation.

woman

woman ſtanding near him, and locked her between his fore-legs in ſo ſtrict an embrace, that ſhe ſcreamed out, and the *ballet-maſter* was obliged to have recourſe to blows before he could oblige his ſcholar to quit his hold, and I am confident that it was owing more to my changing the meaſure, than to his cudgel, that they were diſengaged at laſt. Bating this *faux pas* however, the performance was not only decent, but "*the ſtory of the dance well told*;" and as the ſame gentleman's ſervant obſerved (who, by the bye, ſeemed to have a great deal of taſte, and ſaid he had often kept his maſter's places at the Opera-houſe,) had theſe performers worn hoops, they would have greatly reſembled the majeſtic petticoat heroes of that ſplendid theatre.

Having taken a polite leave of my friends the publican, the ballet-maſter, and his bears, the next place I viſited was

BIRMINGHAM,

A moſt noiſy, unharmonious, ſmoaky

town, where the harſh ſound of the hammer and anvil, together with the inceſſant claſhing of pots, frying pans, and coppers, which was the only muſic I heard at my arrival, made me augur ill of my ſucceſs at this place. However, I was well informed that it had lately been the ſeat of oratorios, and the receptacle of the *caſtrati*, that its inhabitants had ſtudied oratory under the tuition of the celebrated Mr. *Herries*, that they were moreover honoured once a year by the preſence of the manager of the Opera-houſe at London, and, if I miſtake not, had even heard Lord S. himſelf play upon the kettle-drum at their muſic-meeting. I reſolved therefore to make my arrival known; for which purpoſe (as I had no recommendatory letters to any perſon here) I employed the town-cryer *, for a

* "I ſometimes wiſhed to employ the town-cryer at my firſt entrance into a city, to tell the inhabitants who I was, and what I wanted; for it frequently happened, where his majeſty had no miniſter, that I was on the point of quitting a place before this was known."

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, page 89.

mug

mug of ale, to proclaim my name, profeſſion, and place of abode, through every ſtreet; and withal to give notice, that my ſtay there would be but ſhort. This proclamation ſoon produced an enquirer after me; he directed me to the houſe of a gentleman, who, he ſaid, he was ſure would be glad to ſee me, being at that time in great want of a muſic-maſter for his daughter. I immediately waited upon the gentleman, who was an elderly perſon of a very ſevere and ſuſpicious aſpect. He roughly aſked me what was my buſineſs? to which I anſwered, that my profeſſion was muſic; and added, that I had a new and very expeditious mode of teaching to play on the harpſichord, *forte piano*, and organ; by which I would undertake to give any young lady of tolerable parts, a *ſhake* in two leſſons, and a *ſwell* in three. As ſoon as I had ſaid this, he very abruptly quitted the room, where I waited ſome time expecting the entrance of his daughter, whoſe harpſi-

chord I began tuning, preparatory to my firſt leſſon. But while I was thus employed, four fellows came up to me, and without any ceremony dragged me out of the room into the yard. When I enquired the meaning of this rudeneſs, one of them told me, his maſter wanted to ſee me dance; I replied, that I did not profeſs dancing, but muſic; and that there muſt be ſome miſtake in the buſineſs;—the gentleman himſelf now appeared, followed by another ſervant who carried a blanket. "Now, Mr. Muſic-"maſter, ſaid he, with a malicious ſmile, "my ſervants ſhall ſhew you a much better "ſhake than you ever taught a ſcholar in "your life." The men immediately placed me in the blanket, which they held by the corners, and toſſed me about in it in a moſt ſevere manner, till their ſtrength was exhauſted, and then fairly kicked me out of the houſe. Enraged and mortified at this unforeſeen and unprovoked outrage, I was almoſt determined to quit this

this ſavage country, renounce all intercourſe with my ſpecies, and retire, like *Orpheus*, to the woods and deſarts. This reſolution I communicated to my landlord, who diſſuaded me from ſo raſh a project, and greatly diſarmed my fury, by informing me what was the true motive of the unaccountable behaviour I had juſt experienced; which it ſeems was owing to this gentleman having loſt his only daughter, a very rich and beautiful heireſs; who had eloped to Scotland the week before with her muſic-maſter, to whom ſhe was ſince married. This circumſtance appeared ſuch a ſufficient apology, that I again became reconciled to mankind, and purſued my intended tour with wonted alacrity, ſinging *adagios* all the way I went.

WORCESTER.

Here another mortifying circumſtance occurred. As ſoon as I entered this ancient and magnificent city, I heard a ſound more

more grating to my ears than all the tinkering of kettles I had left behind me. It was *a rude and barbarous flouriſh* of marrow-bones and cleavers, at the elevation of Sir *Watkin Lewes* in king Alfred's chair *. Seeing another election, another knight, and another band of ſturdy patriots approaching, my mind miſgave me, that there was alſo another, or the ſame reviewer in *petto*, to laviſh his favours upon me, and finiſh the triumphs of the day. I was reſolved therefore to depart without beat of drum, and to proceed directly to *Briſtol*; and ſhall wait to deliver the letter which Dr. *Smirk* favoured me with to Dr. *Demiſemiquaver*, till a more convenient opportunity;

" When the hurly-burley's done,
" When the battle's loſt and won."

For I fear it is a ſerious truth, and my own experience has, in ſome meaſure,

* " A rude, and barbarous flouriſh of drums and trumpets, at the elevation of the hoſt."

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY.

confirmed

confirmed it, that the wild notes of liberty, and the quavering of Italian airs, can never be heard together in concert *.

Had I been rich, I ſhould have agreed with a coachman, who was juſt then ſetting out, and offered to carry me and my baſſoon, in the baſket, for ſix ſhillings. But as riches are not always the companions of genius, I rather choſe to take my place in a coal-veſſel, which was to arrive at that city in two days. Here, as the weather was extremely fine, I travelled very agreeably for the firſt day, and dined upon bread and cheeſe, and cold bacon, without making any obſervations

* "The fine arts are children of affluence and luxury; in deſpotic governments they render power leſs inſupportable, and diverſion from thought is perhaps as neceſſary as from action. Whoever therefore ſeeks muſic in Germany ſhould do it at the ſeveral courts, not in the free imperial cities, which are generally inhabited by poor induſtrious people, whoſe genius is chilled, and depreſſed by penury, who can beſtow nothing on vain pomp and luxury, but think themſelves happy in the poſſeſſion of neceſſaries. The reſidence of a ſovereign prince on the contrary, beſides the muſicians in ordinary of the court, church, and ſtage, ſwarms with penſioners and expectants."

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, page 116.

worth

worth communicating to the public, except that I ſaw a man upon the bank angling for dace, notwithſtanding the earlineſs of the ſeaſon. The ſecond day, as the wind ſuddenly changed from the Weſt to the North-Eaſt, was foggy, rainy, and ſo exceedingly cold, that for want of Dr. *Burney*'s louſy blanket*, I ſlipped my legs into a coal-ſack, while I defended my head by thruſting it into my viol-caſe, which I tied under my chin with a pair of green worſted garters that my ſpouſe had knit, and made me a preſent of during our courtſhip. We ſtopped about two o'clock at a little village on the banks of the *Severn* to dine; and here I cannot but inform the world, that Mr. *Bangor*, at the ſign of the *Goat in Boots*, is an extremely civil and polite landlord, and has no contemptible taſte in muſic. When I informed him of my deſign in making this expedition, he very obligingly led me into his hall, which

* See TOUR THROUGH GERMANY.

was

was ſtuck round with various antique pieces of muſic, ſuch as *Chevy Chace*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Three Children ſliding on the Ice*, *The Hiſtory of St. George*, &c. which he kindly permitted me to enrich my collection with. I begged hard that he would permit me to prick out the notes of an incomparable whiſtle as he performed it, which at length with great difficulty he complied with, upon condition however that I ſhould not print it. But I was more than all ſurprized and charmed with his generoſity, in ſlipping a piece of fried cow-heel into my pocket, and inſiſting upon treating me with a dram, before I went into the cold.

As I walked down to the river ſide, I remarked a boy, who was humming the tune of *Yanky Doodle*; and as I knew this to be an extremely popular air in ſome parts of *America*, I conjectured that this part of *England* was originally peopled from that continent.

Late the next evening we arrived at the large and populous city of

BRISTOL,

More famous for its commerce, manufactures, and ſuch trifles, than for its taſte in muſic. They have but lately had a regular theatre eſtabliſhed there to civilize and poliſh the uncouth manners of the diſſenters, who would even have ſucceeded in the ſavage oppoſition they made to this ſalutary meaſure, if the biſhops had not eſpouſed the cauſe of the fine arts. I have little doubt, therefore, that they will ſoon find that "*muſic is ſo com-*" *bined with things ſacred and important,* " *as well as with our pleaſures, that it* " *ſeems neceſſary to our exiſtence:*" they will then quickly become friends to organs, and next to operas. As I approached the city, I was gratified with ſeeing the principal battalions of the militia, who made a moſt formidable appearance, and marched in exact time to the mar-

row-bones and cleavers. I put up at the *Dog's Head in the Porridge Pot*, and after powdering my wig with ſome flour, clipping my beard with a pair of ſciſſars, and turning my ſhirt, I went to wait on Signor *Manſelli*, to whom I had letters of recommendation. When I had knocked at the door, and enquired whether the Signor was within, I was informed that he was, but that I could not ſee him, as he was then buſied in performing his vocalities. This anſwer, you may be ſure, redoubled my curioſity, and I replied, " if a poor, yet I truſt, " not unknown muſician, may be judged " worthy of being a private obſerver " of the Signor's meditations, I promiſe " not to interrupt his reveries, and per- " haps the Signor himſelf will not be " diſpleaſed at your introducing to him a " *Collioni !*"

When he learned that I was a muſician, he bowed reſpectfully, and deſiring me to pull off my ſhoes, as he did himſelf, he

led me to the Signor's apartment. When we came to the door, the ſervant deſired me to pull off my coat, waiſtcoat, and wig, and creep through a hole, which he ſhewed me at the bottom of the door, as he aſſured me the Signor did not ſuffer even crowned heads to approach him in theſe moments of enthuſiaſm, without taking thoſe precautions; "and ſir," ſaid he, "you need not think this an humili-"ating ſituation, as I have ſeen many per-"ſons of the firſt faſhion, among whom "were ſeveral pregnant ladies, ſubmit to "the ſame ceremony."

I did not heſitate a moment to comply with the cuſtomary *etiquette*, but ſtripping myſelf to the ſhirt, I crept into the room with the ſame awful ſilence with which the ancient prieſts approached the Tripod of their God. Having poſted myſelf behind a large ſcreen, I beheld the Signor extended on his belly, while two young and beautiful ladies were gently ſtroaking his back with the palms of their

their hands. He lay for ſome minutes penſive and ſilent, as if waiting for the inſpirations of the divinity. At length, on a ſudden, " his eyes were fixt, his " underlip fell, and drops of efferveſcence " diſtilled from his whole countenance*." Immediately exploſions of the moſt muſical intonation I had ever heard, iſſued from behind, and enraptured the whole company. After this, he ſucceſſively coughed, ſneezed, hiccupped, eructated, ſqueaked and whiſtled in the moſt harmonious manner that can be conceived. " Thank heaven," cried the Signor, " my " powers of harmony are yet undiminiſh- " ed: I ſhall ſtill live to bleſs the world, " and poliſh this brutal nation." Saying this, he took up his fiddle, and played a moſt divine ſolo. I heard him for ſome time in ſilent ecſtacy, till at length incapable of ſuppreſſing my emotions any longer, I precipitated myſelf into his arms, crying or rather blubbering out in

* Tour through Germany.

imitation

imitation of the great *Caffarelli* *, *Bravo! braviſſimo! Manſelli, è Collioni che ti lo dice.* The Signor ſeemed ſomewhat ſurprized at my abrupt introduction, but at length, recollecting himſelf, he received me with ineffable politeneſs. The ladies at my appearance, had ſhrieked, and left the room, which in the firſt hurry of our embraces we had not perceived. But preſently the Signor, glancing his eye downwards, recollected himſelf, and ſaid with ſome warmth and emphaſis, "O, "fye, Signor *Collioni*, I took it for granted "you were one of us." I bluſhed at the imputation, and ſaid, "I hoped this de-"fect would not leſſen me in his eſteem, "as my country was not yet ſufficiently "civilized to have adopted the cuſtom; "and though ſome of our prime nobility "had had the ſpirit and taſte to lead the "way, yet in the groſs conceptions of "the *Engliſh*, there was a certain degree "of ridicule annexed to it, which de-

* Tour through Germany.

"terred

" terred ſeveral men otherwiſe of the " moſt exquiſite politeneſs from ſubmitting " to it." The Signor was kind enough to admit my excuſes, but lamented this as the greateſt obſtacle to the national advancement in the ſcience of muſic. However, he averred that ſeveral *Engliſh* young noblemen of fortune had to his knowledge undergone the operation in *Italy*, " and though," added he, " an ordinary " proficient may be exempted from the " practice, yet it is indiſpenſibly neceſſary " for one who would fathom all the " myſteries of the art, to emulate the " illuſtrious names of *Seneſino*, *Farinelli*, " *Tenducci*, &c."

I confeſs I was much ſtaggered at what he ſaid, more eſpecially as I began to entertain ſome doubts myſelf whether the characters of a man and a muſician were at all compatible.

I hinted to him, that I had formerly heard that a certain great Perſonage, *tàm Marti quàm Mercutio*, equally illuſtrious

luſtrious for his martial and his muſical talents, had adopted the practice; but as the Doctor had not recorded it in his tour to *Potzdam*, I imagined the report was without foundation.

"Ah!" ſaid he, "depend upon it, tho' "the Doctor has indeed omitted this "circumſtance in the admirable deſcrip- "tion he gives of that hero, and Dilet- "tante practiſing his *ſolfeggi* at *Potzdam*, "yet he would never have been either the "monarch, or the flutiſt he is without it. "Do you think, added he, that illuſtrious "philoſopher could amuſe himſelf ſo calm- "ly in his cloſet with *fugues* and *adagios*, "while ten thouſand *Poliſh* widows, and "orphans, are imprecating curſes upon "the head of their unfeeling deſtroyer, "unleſs he had totally diſengaged himſelf "from every incumbrance of his ſex and "ſpecies?"

Here the entrance of the young ladies interrupted any further converſation on the ſubject. The eldeſt, his niece, who

was

was called *Gluckinelli Ingleſina*, deſired me to ſing, which I did in the ſofteſt and moſt unmanly tone I could exert, that I might not again offend. I aſked her what was her real opinion of my voice? ſhe anſwered me with the moſt perfect affability, that I acquitted myſelf tolerably well *conſidering*; though "ſhe thought "me" (like *Handel)* "too ambitious of "diſplaying my talent of working parts "and ſubjects, and added that my *canti-* "*lena* was often rude."

I took an opportunity when I was alone with this young lady, to enquire if the *caſtrati* were much in vogue at *Briſtol*, and if that operation could be ſafely attempted on elderly gentlemen; this young lady ſmiled at my ſimplicity, and aſſured me that the operation was ſafe and eaſy, and not ſo painful as to require any degree of reſolution, and that the *caſtrati* were the favourites of the ladies, both married and unmarried. She adviſed me by all means to undergo the operation,

as the Doctor had done in *Italy*, tho' his exceſs of modeſty prevented him from boaſting of it in his excellent treatiſe. She added, that ſhe could not with ſafety love me, unleſs I would ſubmit to this for her ſake.

This declaration from a young lady for whom I now perceived I had imbibed the moſt ardent affection, gave me great uneaſineſs; that affection however was purely platonic and ſpiritual, for perſonal charms ſhe had no more to boaſt of, that ever I diſcovered, than the *Mingotti* herſelf. Beſides the diſadvantage of a contortion in the ogle, vulgarly called a ſquint of the eye, and a very long red noſe, ſhe had a mouth, which tho' it opened from ear to ear, diſcovered to the eye nothing but a dreary ſcene of ruins; the ſad remains of a ſet of coal-black teeth. There was yet another circumſtance to diſguſt the ſenſualiſt, and deter him from approaching this Syren with an improper familiarity; and that was the great offenſiveneſs of her

breath, which was ſo violent, that any perſon not "*determined to hear, ſee,*" and ſmell "*nothing but muſic,*" might have thought it hardly atoned for by the ſweetneſs of her voice. Yet none of theſe circumſtances damped the ardour of my ſpiritual attachment, founded, as it was, upon a ſolid baſis, the love of ſong;—it was embodied harmony, the tuneful ſoul which I adored.

The reader who is unacquainted with the difference between a groſs ſenſual paſſion, and a ſublime, harmonic ſympathy, may perhaps be ſurprized when I tell him, that while I was thus devoted to the divine *Gluckinelli,* I was at the ſame time perſonally captivated by the corporeal attractions of a little black-ey'd Gypſy, the wife of a barber in the town, who often ſhaved me for a tune; yet did not theſe groſſer feelings the leaſt impair or abate my muſical platonic love. I might perhaps be excuſed, were I to conceal the progreſs and iſſue of theſe different

amours; but they are so intimately blended with the scientific part of my work, and were attended with such important consequences to myself in my professional capacity, that the narration will I doubt not prove of great utility to my brethren.—For it was no common temptation that deluded me; though Mrs. *Sharp-set* was abundantly handsome, I could have resisted the blandishments of beauty, if a desire of making dangerous experiments upon the power and effects of music upon female passion had not seized my brain. For I had taken notice, that the imagination of this young woman was exceedingly lively, and far out-stripped her husband's, who was a plain dull man with little fire or enthusiasm in his composition. I plainly perceived this in all her gestures and movements, but when I sung some tender sentimental air, her involuntary sighs, blushes, and languid attitude, betrayed too plainly the iritability of her nerves, and that fine susceptibility of soft

emotions

emotions with which nature has endowed the ſex. No wonder that in a rude, uncultivated ſtate of nature as I then was, I caught the ſubtle fire from her contagious eyes. Ah! how often did I ſing the *ſweet paſſion of Love* without once thinking of my dear *Gluckinelli*; how often did ſhe encore my *O how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe*, without the ſlighteſt recollection of her abſent barber! Madly determined to purſue the fatal experiment, and obſerve the full effects of my art; I next ſung "*Haſte, let us rove, to the Iſland of Love*," at which Mrs. *Sharpſet* was greatly agitated and danced about the room. Then I played a rapturous voluntary "*produced* "*in the happy moments of effervescence* "*when my reaſon was leſs powerful than* "*my feeling*;" and at length I proceeded to ſuch exceſs of temerity, as to tune up *Geho Dobbin*, *Murdoch O'Blaney*, and ſeveral other inflammatory compoſitions; and finding my miſtreſs "*attentive, and* "*in a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, I became*

"*animated*

" *animated to that true pitch of enthuſiaſm,*
" *which from the ardour of the fire within,*
" *is communicated to others, and ſets all*
" *around in a blaze, ſo that the conten-*
" *tion between the performer and the hearer*
" *was only who ſhould pleaſe or who ſhould*
" *applaud the moſt,*" till at length, not contented with " *ſhewing her approbation by*
" *coughing, hemming, and blowing the noſe,*
" *ſhe expreſſed rapture in a manner pecu-*
" *liar to herſelf, and ſeemed to agonize with*
" *pleaſure too great for the aching ſenſe!*" for at laſt, overpowered by my quirking and quavering, and tranſported beyond all the bounds of prudence, Mrs. *Sharpſet* on a ſudden leaped into my arms, hung round my neck, and devoured me with eager kiſſes, ſuch as I never taſted before nor ſince. What man, what emaſculated god could have withſtood ſuch potent ſnares? Ah! my ſerene *Gluckinelli* had'ſt thou been there, theſe tumults had all ſubſided, the devil had not gained the intire poſſeſſion of my mind, voice and inſtrument;

ment; nor had I needed the painful operation of the barber's avenging ſteel to bring my wandering ſpirits back to reaſon: —for ſoon, and in the midſt of our illicit joys, the door of the chamber was forced open, and in ruſhed Mr. *Sharpſet*.—— Diſcordant oaths and curſes, and the look and voice of a Fury muttering an incantation to awake the dead, beſpoke the injured huſband, and ſcared us from the bed. He retired a moment to fetch the inſtrument of his revenge. Mrs. *Sharpſet* eſcaped, but in an inſtant I ſaw him return whetting his keeneſt razor; and concluding, that he meant to cut my throat upon the ſpot, I fell down at his feet, and in an agony of fear and penitence, roared out ſuch a MISERERE, as was never heard at the Pope's chapel in *Paſſion-week*. Alas! how did I wiſh for the genius of a *Gluck*, " *to paint* my *dif-* " *ficult ſituation occaſioned by complicated* " *miſery, and the tempeſtuous fury of un-* " *bridled paſſions!*" But *Allegri* himſelf, had

had he chanted his own MISERERE, could not have moved the ſhaver's unrelenting ſoul, or ſoothed his injured honour up in arms, and demanding its victim! I tried a ſofter ſtrain, and ſang in melting mood, "Let not rage thy Boſom firing, "pity's ſofter claim remove," &c. but it was all in vain: ſtill ſtrapped he his inexorable razor, humming out a ſong of *Bravura*, the ſubject of which was the caſtration of the devil by a baker; (which, by the bye, is a very curious ſtory, whoſe authenticity I muſt enquire into farther at my leiſure.) I immediately augured my approaching deſtiny from the burden of this ſong; and the *Cornuto* preſently gave me to underſtand that my conjecture was well founded. Having been till now in a cold-ſweat, and corporal fear of my life, I congratulated myſelf on this exchange of puniſhment, as a ſort of reprieve, and conſidering that I had ſome time ſince reſolved, like another *Graſſetto**,

* TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

to

to undergo the operation whenever I found myſelf bold enough for ſuch a voluntary ſacrifice; I plucked up courage, and with great compoſure told the barber, that a guilty conſcience was a greater torment to me than any he could deviſe; that I ſincerely regretted that my pieces had not been like *Schwanberger's*, "*full of* "*pleaſing effects, produced by fair and* "*honourable means*;" but that to expiate the crime I had committed, and appeaſe the anger of heaven, and the honeſt man whom I had ſo deeply offended, I would patiently ſubmit to ſuffer the righteous ſentence which his vengeance meditated on the peccant part. The enraged tonſor took me at my word.

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The firſt thing that came into my thoughts after I awoke from the fainting fit, into which the paroxiſm of pain had thrown me, was to try my voice in its improved

ſtate. I accordingly ſung *A Dawn of Hope my Soul revives*, and found my powers wonderfully improved, and my execution delicate, intereſting, and full of effects. "Ho, ho," cries the barber, "I "am glad to find you are ſo merry," and reſumed his old tune of the baker and the devil. I told him I thought it unkind in him to inſult me, and intreated him to convey me home, which he very readily conſented to do, and ſoon afterwards began to apologize for the effects of his rage, hoping I would conſider the nature of the provocation, and not attempt to take the law of him. I anſwered, that upon condition he would freely pardon his wife, whoſe fault was venial, as her virtue had fallen a ſacrifice to the power of harmony, I would decline any hoſtile proceedings againſt him on my own account, with which condition he appeared ſatisfied, and we parted.—I was brought home on a mule, on which I rode ſideways; and as ſoon as I alighted at Signor

Manſelli's

Manſelli's I ſent for him into my chamber, and accoſted him as he approached with the following air, in ſinging which I exerted all my newly-acquired powers.

Bear, O bear me on a ſudden,
Some kind ſtroke of ſmiling chance!
From this land of beef and pudding,
To dear Italy *or* France!

During my performance, the Signor appeared perfectly aſtoniſhed, and at length ſeizing my hand with rapture, "welcome," he cried, "O ſon of harmony! it cannot "be longer diſguiſed, you are a brother— "you are one of us"——then expatiating on the dignity and importance of the order of *caſtrati*, he deſired me, if not too much exhauſted, to ſing again his favourite air, which when I had done he cried out with tranſport;---"*nec vox* "*hominem ſonat! I can hardly believe it* "*is the ſame pipe! ſuch a volume of voice,* "*ſuch an open and perfect ſhake! ſuch*

" *unclouded light and ſhade! ſuch clear-*
" *neſs, brilliancy, neatneſs, expreſſion, em-*
" *belliſhment, intonation, firmneſs, modula-*
" *tion, ſmoothneſs and elegance! and then*
" *your* portamento *is as round and tight*
" *as a portmanteau, and you take* appo-
" giatura, *as eaſily as a body would take a*
" *pinch of ſnuff!*"

I was greatly flattered by theſe encomiums, but begged he would forbear, and ſuffer me to retire to my chamber, for the ſake of neceſſary refreſhment and reſt. He immediately complied, and ſent up to me Doctor *Sougelder*, an eminent ſurgeon and man-midwife in the neighbourhood, very expert in vocal manufacture *, and an agreeable performer on the *Engliſh* horn; who, having applied an excellent dreſſing to my wound, left me to ſleep, and " *thus ended this buſy*

* Among the ſingers there are at preſent fifteen caſtrati, the court having in its ſervice two *Bologna* ſurgeons, expert in this vocal manufacture."

TOUR THROUGH GERMANY, &c.

" *and*

" *and important day, in which ſo much*
" *was ſaid, and done, that it ſeemed to*
" *contain the events of a much longer pe-*
" *riod; and I could hardly perſuade my-*
" *ſelf, upon recollecting the ſeveral inci-*
" *dents, that they had all happened in about*
" *the ſpace of twelve hours.*" By the kind and ſkilful offices of Doctor *Sougelder*, I was ſoon reſtored to my health and ſpirits; and my adorable Signora *Gluckinelli* in a few days paid me a viſit of congratulation, which ſhe repeated every day during my recovery. It was in ſome of theſe delightful interviews I diſcovered how deep a theoriſt ſhe was, and how learned in the ſcience of ſound. Among other diſcoveries and obſervations which ſhe communicated to me, and which I treaſure up, and mean to preſerve for the benefit of future ages, ſhe diſcloſed to me her real opinion concerning that important ſubject the *ſhake*. She aſſured me that it was " *practicable with time*
" *and patience to give a ſhake where nature*
" *has*

" *has denied it; that she thought, the* " *shake ruined ninety-nine times out of a* " *hundred by too much impatience and pre-* " *cipitation, both in the master and scholar,* " *and that many who can execute passages* " *which require the same motion of the* " larynx *as the shake, have notwithstand-* " *ing never acquired one* *." —" *There is* " *no accounting for this*," added that illustrious young lady, with a sigh, " *but* " *from the neglect of the master to study* " *nature, and avail himself of these pas-* " *sages, which by continuity would become* " *real shakes.*"

During my confinement to my chamber, I have had leisure to extract the foregoing observations, anecdotes, and adventures from my journal, and which I present to the world as the first fruits of my undertaking. If they tend in any

* " Both Pliny and the London poulterers agree that a capon does not crow, which I should conceive to arise from the muscles of the larynx never acquiring the proper degree of strength."

Philosophical Transactions, Last Volume,

shape

ſhape to promote the ſtudy and practice of muſic in this country, and by that means leſſen our national reproach of being *The ſavages of Europe*, immerſed in politics, philoſophy, metaphyſics, mathematics, and other ſour and abſtruſe ſpeculations, I ſhall have gained my end, and ſhall congratulate myſelf on having in ſome humble degree aſſiſted the generous efforts of the great *Giardini*, *Burney*, and the governors of the *Foundling Hoſpital*, to poliſh and *Italianize* the genius, taſte, and manners of the *Engliſh* nation.

As ſoon as I had perfectly recovered my health, Signor *Manſelli* inſtituted a grand *Fête Champêtre* to celebrate what he was pleaſed to call my victory over the fleſh and the devil; and to crown the whole, the fair *Gluckinelli* was that day pleaſed to condeſcend publicly to avow her platonic harmonic paſſion for me; and to promiſe me in the moſt endearing manner, that if ever ſhe entered into the holy ſtate of matrimony, I ſhould be her CE-

CISBEO;

CISBEO; in which character she was pleased to say, I should still have frequent opportunities of entertaining her, both with my voice, and my instrument.

THE END.

APPENDIX:

BY

NAT. COLLIER,

SCHOOL-MASTER.

YES!—I will discharge that duty which my consanguinity and friendship with the illustrious COLLIER, as well as his particular injunctions have imposed upon me; although my pen drops from my fingers, and my feelings, as a man, almost incapacitate me to perform the task of an author, when I find myself obliged to inform the civilized inhabitants of the world in general, and the people of England in particular, that that great man, and unparalleled musician, is no more! O death, thou unrelenting foe to human excellence, how hast thou silenced the sweetest bassoon, and unstrung the most harmonious fiddle that ever enraptured a mortal

 ear!

ear !—But alas ! Dr. *Burney*, and Signor *Giardini* themſelves, muſt yield to fate, and join the great *Caſtrati* of other times ! It is now no ſeaſon to indulge my private ſorrows, and therefore I haſten to gratify the public curioſity with ſome particulars relative to that mournful and important event.

Mr. *Joel Collier*, as may be eaſily perceived in his writings, was a man of a mild and inoffenſive diſpoſition, as well as fine taſte, and exquiſite ſenſibility. During his ſtay at *Briſtol*, he had received ſome tincture of methodiſm ; which accident, joined to the continual reproaches of his wife, a woman of little refinement, and a very diſagreeable temper, ſeemed to have thrown him into an unuſual degree of melancholy. But this apparent alteration in his manner did not much diſturb me, as I thought the loſs he had ſuſtained might naturally diminiſh his vivacity, without injuring his health. At length, one day, after having exhibited his hand-

organ

organ at a country wake, he expreſſed ſome doubts about the lawfulneſs of playing any other than church-muſic; and begged me to bear him company in ſinging the 104th Pſalm. This I readily complied with, but reſolved to be very attentive to all his future motions.

The next Sunday, after having heard a ſermon upon a text taken from the Revelations, he invited me to drink a pot of beer, and ſmoke a pipe with him at his own houſe. Mrs. Collier being abſent, he took that opportunity to ſpeak to me with great force and freedom, upon what he was pleaſed to call the levities of his former life, in a carnal ſtate. He principally lamented his having been fiddler to the dancing bears, and having officiated in that character, at a celebrated ſchool where grown gentlemen are taught to dance allemandes and cotillons. He ſaid, that from his own experience, he could affirm, that theſe places were ſeminaries of debauchery; and did not doubt, that

all amuſements of the ſame kind, though more faſhionable and polite, were liable to the ſame imputation. He ſpoke with great indignation of a certain promiſcuous club of gentlemen and ladies of quality, which he called an infamous and notorious brothel, where the ſmall remains of decency and chaſtity, which before its inſtitution had ſubſiſted among the inhabitants of this iſland, had been interred; and he recollected, with infinite pleaſure, his having once refuſed to officiate as candle-ſnuffer at a maſquerade. I was ſurprized to hear him talk in this manner, as I had always known him to be a contented, unmeddling man; wonderfully ſubmiſſive to his betters, as moſt fiddlers are, and rarely reading the newspapers, but in order to find advertiſements for new tunes. He then mentioned, with great contrition, the ſin he had committed with the barber's wife at Briſtol, but added with a ſigh, he hoped it was atoned for by the great puniſhment he had undergone;

gone; and that he ſhould hereafter be allowed a ſeat with the four and twenty elders of Iſrael. Theſe words, and the looks that accompanied them, made me tremble for his reaſon, as I knew that faculty was ordinarily not very ſtrong in gentlemen of his profeſſion. His countenance, however, inſtantly brightened up, and he talked with great copiouſneſs and reſignation of the infinite benefits of caſtration, which he called Regeneration, and a new creature, a profitable loſs, a ſource of celeſtial promotion, and a ſymphony of heavenly muſic to his ſoul. He would earneſtly recommend it, he ſaid, to men-midwives, dancing-maſters, muſic-maſters, and all other gentlemen whoſe profeſſions expoſe them to continual temptations with the fair ſex. By theſe means, he ſaid, infinite diſorders might be prevented, and the honor of many families preſerved: for how is it poſſible, added he, that a lady, either ſingle or married, ſhould confine herſelf within the bounds

of

of decency, when to deſtroy all natural delicacy, and to impart an artificial ſenſibility, both to mind and body, is the avowed end of all preſent female education? Poor deluded Mrs. *Sharpſet*, was a fatal example of this; and he doubted not, that every town in England, which was infeſted with ſingers and fiddlers, and ſuch vermin (as he was then pleaſed to call them) could furniſh many ſimilar inſtances.

Though theſe ſentiments were very juſt, yet he inſtantly added others, which bore the ſtrongeſt marks of inſanity. He told me, that he intended, if the ſale of his Travels ſhould produce a ſufficient ſum to defray his expences, to pay a viſit to *Rome*, as he was pre-deſtined to convert the Pope, and all the *Caſtrati* of that city: and when I deſired a tune upon his hand-organ, thinking it might be a mean of compoſing his mind, he anſwered gravely, that he would never play a tune upon any other organ than *Joachim Wagner's*. Here the converſation was interrupted by the entrance

entrance of Mrs. *Collier*, to whom I privately took an opportunity of recommending the health of her huſband, and then went away. Two days after, as Mr. *Collier* was viſibly declining, I ſent for Dr. *Gruel*, a very famous phyſician in that neighbourhood, and to Dr. *Columbo*, another great medical writer, who was then happily upon a viſit to the former. The meſſenger found one of theſe illuſtrious men ſtirring a decoction of hemlock, with a hemlock ſtick, as he ſo juſtly recommends in his excellent book about guts; and the other ventilating through a quill, with a certain natural machine, into a tea baſon of lime-water, to evince the preſence of fixable air in the animal *rectum*. Theſe great men jointly preſcribed, according to the principles of the new practice, hemlock and an aerial clyſter.

On the Thurſday following, I was, at my couſin's earneſt requeſt, ſent for to his bedſide, as in ſpite of the repeated doſes of hemlock he had taken, his health became

hourly

hourly worſe. I found him betwixt his two doctors, in the ſituation of *Socrates*; one was preſenting the Athenian beverage, while the other was endeavouring to recruit the loſs of animal ſpirits, by inflating the contents of fifteen ox-bladders, filled with fixable air; both the doctors aſſured me their practice was infallible, and yet I could not help forming unfavourable prognoſtics of it, from the pale and emaciated looks of my kinſman. They received me with great cordiality, and entreated me to ſing him two or three ſtaves out of *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, in which I acquitted myſelf very much to his ſatisfaction; and, at my deſire, the two medical gentlemen joined their voices. In the middle of this exerciſe, Mr. *Collier* happening to hear the chimes of the pariſh church, ſtarted up, and with great vociferation affirmed, they were the *carillons* of *Harleim*. I reminded him that we were in England, at an immenſe diſtance from Harleim; he anſwered, he knew

that very well, but that he had the gift of *second-hearing*---that's wonderful, cried I---Not at all, replied he, the second-hearing is only wonderful becauſe it is rare, for conſidered in itſelf, it involves no more difficulty than the *ſecond-ſight*, the Cock-lane ghoſt, or the cogitative faculty. Here one of the phyſicians, who is a tall, black man, with a pug-noſe, and wide mouth, deſiring my couſin to compoſe himſelf, he ſtared wildly upon the doctor, called him the devil that uſed to dance upon *Joachim Wagner*'s organ, and aſked him what he did there without Dr. *Burney's* leave? but in this his memory doubtleſs had failed him as well as his underſtanding; for it was an angel, and not a fiend, which Mr. Wagner had ſuperfixed to that excellent piece of machinery. The phyſicians being ſomewhat diſcompoſed at this extravagance, withdrew, and Mr. Collier inſtantly becoming calmer, began a converſation about his own Muſical Travels. He ſaid, that what he chiefly regretted in this indiſpoſition, was his being diſqualified for making thoſe alterations in his work

which he meditated, and that he ſincerely lamented having beſtowed ſo much time and labour upon ſuch unprofitable vanities as prophane muſic, which he now was convinced was one of the allurements which Satan makes uſe of to entice unwary mortals to their perdition. For, ſaid he, I have obſerved with very great regret, that among the higher claſs of people, this love of ſing-ſong, and *fa, la*, always occaſions a general depravity of character, and only ſubſiſts by the total neglect of every ſuperior qualification. What has it produced in this country? our noblemen are become fiddlers inſtead of ſtateſmen, and their wives and daughters have exchanged the modeſt and amiable qualities which once adorned them, for meritricious airs, and a meritricious conduct. The young women too of an inferior rank, inſtead of being taught one ſingle thing, which might be uſeful to themſelves, or advantageous to their families, are ſolely inſtructed in thoſe arts, which our wiſer forefathers imagined were better adapted to courteſans than to modeſt

women.

women. Hence, added he, in a louder voice than could have been expected in his preſent ſtate, libertiniſm is increaſed at the expence of honourable love, domeſtic diſcord invades the peace of families, fiddlers, opera-dancers, and hair-dreſſers ſtain the bed of nobles; and every diſorder which is the ſure forerunner of national deſtruction extends its ravages in this devoted country. Among the lower claſſes of mankind, what elſe has the taſte for muſic ever produced but drunkenneſs, idleneſs, and diſſipation? thoſe whom nature intended to be uſeful to ſociety as manufacturers or labourers, are elevated above their ſphere, brought up to uſeleſs arts, and taught to prey upon that public, which they would have ſerved or protected, had they been permitted to follow their original deſtination. And I would fain know what one advantage theſe deſtructive trifles have ever produced to any one nation under the ſun? are not the Italians, from whom this peſt has been originally tranſmitted to us, examples of the moſt diſgraceful vices, as well as the worſt go-

 vernment,

vernment, and the extremeſt poverty, (the inſeparable companions of ſuch frivolous ſciences) even under the mildeſt climate, and the moſt fertile ſoil of Europe? even thoſe Electors of Germany, for whom, added he, I have the greateſt reſpect, for their civil treatment of my harmonious friend, and their frequent preſents to him of jugged hares and veniſon-paſties, are in reality much fitter for caſtrati than princes. What is it to the miſerable ſubjects who ſuffer the accumulated evils of oppreſſion and poverty, while their gracious ſovereign is applying the whole energy of his genius to an *adagio*---what is it to them that a new eunuch is added to the ſcreaming tribe, who defraud them of the price of their toils, or that an Engliſh muſic-maſter is fed upon cold partridges, and admitted to hear their royal maſter warble ſongs of *Bravura?*

I had liſtened with great attention to this long harangue, which was ſo unlike the uſual converſation of my couſin, both in ſtile and ſentiment, that I feared his intellects were diſordered; but what followed

lowed ſeemed ſtill more wild and incoherent. He told me, that he was afraid his Travels, which he proteſted were written with the pureſt intentions, might do much hurt in the world, by contributing to the preſent muſical extravagance; but that, if he lived, he would make ample amends, by undertaking a ſecond journey through England, in which it ſhould be his ſole buſineſs to enquire into the paſt and preſent ſtate of the organ in every capital town and he was not without hopes that the pious Dr. *Samuel Johnſon* might be prevailed upon to accompany him. For my couſin had obſerved, with great grief, that in many churches he had viſited, part of the gilding had been ſacrilegiouſly ſcratched off the organ; which he ſuppoſed was effected by the nails of the charity-children, who generally occupy the contiguous ſeats, with a prophane intent to decorate their gingerbread watches with the holy ſpoils. And although he was not ſo uncharitable as to wiſh, (in imitation of that great traveller to the Weſtern Iſles,) that the little pilferers might have no dinner

'till they had ate the denuded pieces, yet he treated the contemptible philoſophy of the age, which winked at ſuch impious practices, with as much poignancy and ſeverity, by exclaiming that cathedrals were the only ſupports of true religion; that if bells, which ſerve to awaken the biſhops; and choiriſters, which lull them to ſleep; were aboliſhed, there would be no difference betwixt high-church and low-church; biſhops themſelves would ſoon be turned out of their ſtalls, and epiſcopacy being extinct, there would be a horrid chaſm in the creation. He then, with great fervency, thanked God, that he had formerly been enabled to reſiſt the temptation of a dinner upon roaſt-beef and plumb-pudding, to which he had been invited by the vicar of a country-church, but had declined, becauſe, during the ſervice, he had obſerved the parſon omit bowing to the communion-table, and afterwards heard him refuſe to bottle up the remains of the conſecrated wine as a remedy for the hooping-cough.

Where

Where organs were wanting in his intended tour, he meant to give an accurate hiſtory of the carillons and church-clock. He confeſſed, with a ſigh, that, in this particular, his natural preſumption had ſo puffed him up, that he had dared to deviate from his great original; and yet, added he, with much apparent complacency, in no one other reſpect can I be accuſed of taking ſuch liberties; for as to a ſingle obſervation upon the ſoil, agriculture, manufactories, or government of any one part of the world which I have ſeen, my book is as unexceptionable as that of the Doctor himſelf. On the contrary, conſcious of my inſufficiency to produce any thing of my own, worthy the public attention, I have applied myſelf to the imitating, as exactly as poſſible, the three greateſt works which the preſent age has given birth to; the Letters of a late noble Earl to his *dear boy*; the Muſical Tour to the Continent; and the much admired *Tour thro'* Sicily *and* Malta. I told him, that he certainly could not have propoſed to himſelf nobler models, either of

ſen-

ſentiment or compoſition. This, ſaid he, is my comfort and ſupport againſt many of the objections which I have heard made to my work; for although I confeſs my adventure with Mrs. Sharpſet to have been contrary to religion, morality, and my own principles; yet who can blame me for relating it, when in the firſt moſt excellent work, he has ſeen a father exhorting his ſon to adultery, and inſtructing him in thoſe gentleman-like arts, by which he may triumph over the chaſtity of a married woman, and effect the diſhonour of a huſband, who had received him with unſuſpecting hoſpitality and friendſhip? I know, continued he, that ſeveral perſons have blamed me for accepting the dram and the cow-heel from Mr. *Bangor*, as well as the fruit from Mr. *Brazen*, and his brother-aldermen. As to the latter article, I could not poſſibly divine that the pine-apples and melons were pilfered from the pittance of an alms-houſe, and the gripes I ſuffered in conſequence of eating them upon a faſting-ſtomach, would

would have been ſufficient atonement for a greater crime. But with reſpect to the charge of meanneſs in accepting preſents in general, I have even there implicitly adopted the manners and opinions of my betters; for after having deſtroyed all kind of principle and honeſty in his ſon; after having conjured him by all his hopes of preferment, to deceive every man, and debauch every woman who fell in his way; (which his lordſhip judging, I ſuppoſe, from his own heart, accounts a very eaſy matter) what nobler end does that right honourable moraliſt propoſe to his pupil, what greater honour or reward for all his hypocriſy, grimaces and graces; than that of becoming the dependant of ſome miniſter, or ſome miniſter's miſtreſs?

I ſaid, his obſervations were perfectly juſt, that the book he mentioned was deſervedly eſteemed in this nation, as containing the only ſyſtem of morals and education adapted to people of faſhion, and that it muſt ſoon ſuperſede all other

works of the ſame nature, and be taught at our ſchools and univerſities; at which laſt I hoped to ſee a ſtatue of the pureſt marble, expreſſive of the gratitude of the Britiſh nation, erected to the fair editreſs, who, with a zeal for reformation, which ſcorns the prudiſh ſcruples of decency, had, for the benefit of the younger part of our boarding-ſchools, tranſlated into plain Engliſh, ſuch high-flavoured ſentiments, as his lordſhip's falſe delicacy had induced him to wrap up in a foreign language.

Many people, Mr. Collier ſaid, had thought him guilty of ſpeaking too much of himſelf in his own celebrated work; but he begged, if any accident ſhould happen to him, I would inform the world, that this, ſo far from being the effect of his preſumption, proceeded entirely from his ſcrupulous adherence to thoſe two moſt finiſhed accounts of travels the world has ever ſeen. Their ingenious authors, ſaid he, have filled volumes by writing about

about themſelves; by informing the world what they ate for ſupper, or breakfaſt; and whether they ſlept upon ſtraw or a matraſs. Nay, the Sicilian traveller is ſo fond of himſelf, that he cannot drop the ſubject even in the midſt of a tempeſt; though I believe he is the firſt gentleman that ever wrote letters under the influence of ſea-ſickneſs. In another place, he envies the ſuperſtitious fooleries of the moſt ignorant of the Roman Catholics, merely that he may have an opportunity of telling the world, that he is a great philoſopher, and then he ceaſes to be a great philoſopher, that he may fill ſeveral pages with the hiſtory of a ſprain in his ancle; tho' indeed he does not mention, at laſt, whether he rubbed it with opodeldock or arquebuſade water, which I think is a great neglect in ſo accurate a journaliſt*.

As

* *After eating a hearty dinner with many friends at Mr. Walter's, and drinking plentifully of his excellent Burgundy*, &c. Tour through Sicily, &c.

All

As I was afraid he might injure himſelf in his preſent ſtate of weakneſs, by diſcourſing upon ſubjects which viſibly intereſted him ſo much, I begged him to compoſe himſelf. I told him that envy itſelf muſt allow his work to be a faithful imitation of his originals, and perfectly conſiſtent with all the rules of writing acknowledged by the preſent age. Formerly, indeed, it was thought a work of ſome difficulty to become an author; viſionary minds, imbibed with ſtrange ideas of excellence, and prejudiced by reading pedantic ancients in languages no man of faſhion at preſent underſtands, prepared themſelves for this extraordinary character by long vigils, and emaciating labours; and it was thought neceſſary for a man to know ſomething himſelf before he attempted to inſtruct others. But modern

All wrong—ſick to death—execrable ſirroco wind, and directly contrary—vile heaving waves— Ibid.

We had an excellent diſh of tea, the moſt refreſhing and agreeable I ever drank in all my life. Ibid.

diſcoveries

diſcoveries have happily diſincumbered us of theſe embarraſſing conſtraints, and it is no longer in academic walks, or muſty college-walls, or philoſophical ſolitude, that the Genius of Literature imparts her myſteries to her votaries; but in opera-houſes, at hazard-tables, coteries, maſquerades, and every other place of faſhionable reſort. Is a lady tired of domeſtic employments, or thrown into hyſterics by too aſſiduous an attention to her family?—ſhe writes works of ſentiment. Is an obſcure perſon ſent abroad with ſome raw youth of fortune to pack up his clothes, and prepare his breakfaſt?—he writes travels. Is ſome fiddler weary of officiating at boarding-ſchools, and directing the vibrations of young ladies' fingers?—he commences writer, deluges us with muſic, and fills large volumes with pompous anecdotes of ſuperannuated caſtrati. Thus does our literature gradually receive the ſame improvement as our manners, and a perfect coalition is at length

happily formed betwixt the fine gentleman and the author. That dogmatical ignorance which decides upon all ſubjects without having examined any; that petulant levity which ſkims the ſurface of ſciences, without ever attempting to dive deeper; and that continual egotiſm which perpetually calls the attention of the company upon its own moſt trifling and unintereſting actions, are equally the characteriſtic of one and the other.

Mr. Collier ſeemed much pleaſed and comforted by theſe obſervations, and I, thinking repoſe might be uſeful to him, withdrew. The next morning I went to enquire after his health at 11 o'clock, but was told he had paſſed a very unquiet and feveriſh night. Upon my entrance into the room he raiſed himſelf in his bed, and told me he found himſelf ſo weak and faint, that he began to deſpair of his recovery. He ſaid, that he had, contrary to the advice of his apothecary, taken ſome *Daffy's Elixir*, which had diſ-

agreed

agreed with him; but, he begged, if he ſhould do otherwiſe than well, that Mr. *Hipps*, (which was the apothecary's name) might not be ſuffered publickly to impute his death to that circumſtance; or to write a pamphlet againſt the uſe of a medicine which had been his *vade mecum* in all his journies; and had, in many caſes, afforded him great relief. I aſſured him that no ſuch thing ſhould be attempted, for that I myſelf would take care to explain that matter to the world. After ſome further converſation he delivered to me his manuſcripts, which he empowered me to, make what uſe I pleaſed of. He then deſired me, (as he ſaid, he conſidered his ſituation to be deſperate) to try that ingenious method of practice which is propoſed in the Tour through Sicily and Malta. I accordingly aſſiſted him in putting on a flannel, and after that, a ſilk waiſtcoat, which the ſquire of the pariſh was kind enough to lend him, to prevent the little ſenſibility which

which remained from eſcaping through the pores of the ſkin. I then repeatedly applied ſeveral ſhocks of electricity to different parts of his body, as the ingenious author and F.R.S. recommends, with a view to impart a ſupply of vital powers: he having not only diſcovered that Sir Iſaac Newton was very ignorant of aſtronomy, but that the whole ſolar and animal ſyſtem, together with the puerperal fever, depend entirely upon electricity*. But this experiment not ſucceeding, I deſired Mrs. Collier, who had a very ſtrong head

* See the admirable diſſertation upon comets; upon he preſſure of the air; upon the cure of diſeaſes; and the treatment of pregnant ladies; together with ſeveral other philoſophical diſcoveries, interſperſed in the above mentioned Tour: particularly, a moſt curious account of *Archimedes'* burning-glaſſes, in which that great geometrician is proved to have hoiſted the Roman gallies to the height of ſeveral thouſand feet in the air, that he might have them "in a right line betwixt him and the ſun," and then amuſe himſelf at his leiſure, by firing them with parabolic *ſpecula*. It is no wonder that Mr. Collier ſhould pay the greateſt deference to the phyſical opinions of ſo univerſal a genius; but had he underſtood mathematics as well as he did muſic, his admiration would have been much augmented.

of

of hair, which had not known powder nor pomatum, nor even a comb for ſeveral months, to ſtand upon a cake of wax, while I elicited electricity out of her treſſes, upon her poor expiring huſband. To this ſhe very obligingly conſented, but without effect; for though ſhe permitted me to try every experiment ſuggeſted by that truly philoſophical traveller, together with ſome improvements in the method of combing, to which her huſband's languid condition induced her to ſubmit, I conld not perceive any viſible alteration in the health of the patient; but this I attributed to the non-electric ſtate of the atmoſphere.

Mr. Collier then deſired me to deſiſt, and leave him in repoſe during the ſhort time he had yet to live. He thanked me affectionately for my attention to him during his laſt illneſs. He recommended his wife and children to my care, whoſe circumſtances, he ſaid, he ſhould lament, if he had not deſerved too well of the

 public,

public, to doubt it's gratitude towards his family. He declared himſelf an enemy to all oſtentation, and begged that no ſtatue might be erected, at the public expence, to his memory; though, ſaid he, ſhould the parliament chuſe to bury me in Weſtminſter-abbey, near the tomb of *Handel*, I would not have my executors oppoſe it. He took that opportunity of declaring the moſt loyal and conſtitutional ſentiments; and though he had been bred, like a certain high ornament of the law, in a wrong political perſuaſion, and had formerly picked up many a ſixpence, by playing *Over the Water to Charley*, before that great man's door, yet, like him too, he declared he had ſeen his error, and was become a ſtaunch Hanoverian; on which account he flattered himſelf, that ſhould his lordſhip's nice-diſcerning eye, perceive any Jacobitical expreſſions in his works, he would kindly overlook it, and not perſecute the printer with the flaming zeal of a converted renegado, who, to ingratiate

gratiate himſelf with his new friends, often over-acts his part; hoping to expiate his own former offences, by perſecuting ſimilar ones in others. For himſelf, he ſolemnly declared, that he died in charity with King William, and the promoters of the Revolution; and concluded by ſaying, that were the national debt five hundred millions, inſtead of one hundred and thirty only, he ſhould conſider it as a very cheap purchaſe of the ineſtimable bleſſings we enjoy; and of that moſt glorious period which is probably deſtined to introduce caſtration into the Britiſh dominions.

Theſe were the laſt words which I heard from the mouth of that moſt excellent and illuſtrious muſician; he died that very night, at a quarter paſt nine. After having put his few effects into the beſt order poſſible, and appointed him a decent burial in the pariſh-church, where he now lies undiſtinguiſhed from the common dead, I haſtened to indulge the public with

another correct edition of his most valuable and instructive Tour; a work which will perhaps last, as long as sound taste and theory prevail in music, or a British audience be melted by Italian castrati. And I cannot help feeling a prophetic belief that when this nation shall cease to be formidable by its fleets and armies; when commerce, and honesty, and liberty, shall have abandoned us; when our statesmen and patriots alike shall be changed into pimps and fiddlers; and the whole science of government shall have become the art of extorting money from a corrupt and miserable people: even at that period, so immensely distant, (if one may judge from the present happy and contrary state of things) shall the name of COLLIER survive, and share the admiration of posterity with those of GUADAGNI and Doctor BURNEY.

THE END.

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